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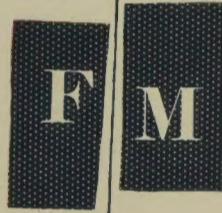


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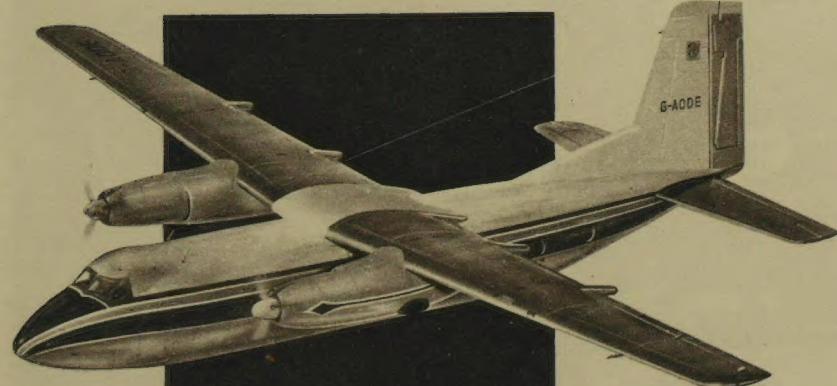
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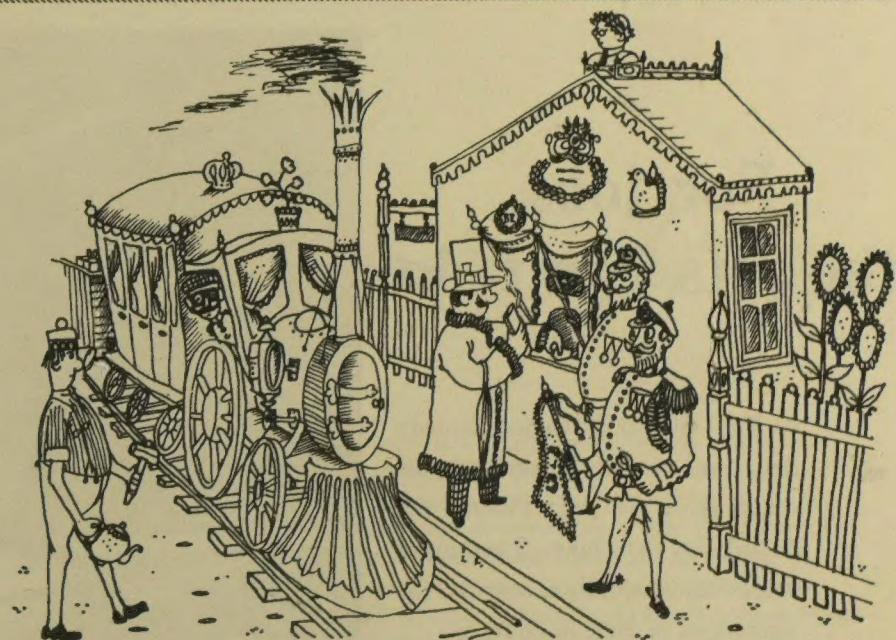
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SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1958.



A POLICE ESCORT FOR THE "LORD CHIEF": LORD GODDARD LEAVING THE LAW COURTS, AFTER PRESIDING FOR THE LAST TIME AS LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND, ON THE DAY ON WHICH HIS FORTHCOMING RETIREMENT WAS ANNOUNCED.

It was announced on August 20 that Lord Goddard had tendered his resignation as Lord Chief Justice of England and will be retiring on September 29. On that day Lord Goddard presided, for what was probably the last time, at a special sitting of the Court of Criminal Appeal. Lord Goddard, who is a vigorous eighty-one, was appointed Lord Chief Justice in January 1946, after having been a Judge of the King's Bench Division from 1932 to 1938,

a Lord Justice of Appeal from 1938 to 1944 and a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary from 1944 to 1946. Described as "among the greatest of English Chief Justices," he was educated at Marlborough and Trinity College, Oxford, and was awarded his Blue as a runner. In 1899 he was called to the Bar by the Inner Temple and became a member of Gray's Inn. He took silk in 1923, and in 1929 was made a Bencher of the Inner Temple.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

OF all the unwise political slogans devised by man's restless mind—and there have been some pretty silly ones—probably the most unwise coined in our time has been that of "self-determination"—the slogan of the Princeton professor who became President of the United States. It was unwise because it ignored the elementary facts of history, geography and human nature. After the First World War it was almost universally acclaimed as a sacred formula that would prevent future wars and oppression and ensure justice and peace. In fact, it has done almost exactly the opposite. It was to this principle that Hitler appealed when he marched into Austria, when he demanded the Sudetenland, and when he invaded the Polish Corridor and precipitated World War II. It is on this principle that Colonel Nasser, Archbishop Makarios and the dictator of China—and their Russian backers—are relying to-day in pursuit of their respective ambitions, regardless of the fact that their attempted attainment is likely to trigger-off World War III. And all over the earth's surface to-day there are contending factions, making racial claims which half-a-century ago would have seemed fantastic, and whose pursuit is bound to end in the violent denial of like claims urged with equal reason by rival racial factions.

For the essence of self-determination is that in any given country or State the minority, however large it may be and however separate from the majority, must accept without qualification or right of appeal, the rule of the majority. The latter's representatives possess, under this theory of political society, the legal right to impose on the minority any law, institution or policy it pleases, even if it offends against the most cherished instincts and interests of that minority. Now, in an ancient and strongly founded multi-racial State like Great Britain or France, this theory of democratic self-determination works without friction and is productive of no ill-consequence. There may be a little occasional grumbling north of the Border or in Wales about English narrow-mindedness and egotism, but, on the whole, the forty or more million English, with their immeasurably superior voting-power, do not use it to oppress or even, in the ordinary course, seriously to irritate the out-voted Scots and Welsh. For our electoral differences do not, by and large, follow racial ambitions or grievances; as Welsh Nationalists know to their cost, Welsh coalminers and ironworkers are at present generally more conscious of their political sympathies with their fellow industrial workers in England than of their unity of interest and feeling with their fellow nationals in Wales. Scottish Nationalists encounter the same phenomenon. If ever this should cease to be so, self-determination would no longer be a practical working creed for the British Isles. Either there would be civil and inter-racial war in our small island or the English would have to grant the Scots and Welsh home-rule or separate national sovereignty; in other words, would have to accept partition. Four or five hundred years ago, had parliamentary democracy then existed, this would have been inevitable; but the centuries of gradual blending under a single or closely allied administration have done their work and made a common race or national identity out of formerly conflicting races. The same is true, in a different way and for different reasons, of the United States. Here a great variety of races live side by side and, so far as national politics are

concerned, in highly successful and fruitful unity, not so much because they have had time to digest their differences and get used to one another—they have had surprisingly little—but because, living in a, to them, completely new world without any visible or geographical reminders of their ancient racial and national rivalries and antagonisms, they have emotionally and psychologically made a new start and can feel themselves to be Americans, rather than Anglo-Saxons, or Irish, or Germans, or Italians, or Scots, or Slavs or Celts or Scandinavians.

We here renounce our Saxon blood.
To-morrow's hopes, an April flood
Come roaring in. The newest race
Is born of her resilient grace.
We here renounce our Teuton pride :
Our Norse and Slavic boasts have died :

THE RETIREMENT OF THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.



"AMONG THE GREATEST OF ENGLISH CHIEF JUSTICES": LORD GODDARD, PHOTOGRAPHED ON AUGUST 20, AFTER THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF HIS FORTHCOMING RETIREMENT HAD BEEN MADE.

Lord Goddard, whose vitality, shrewd judgment and sprightly bearing, make it difficult to believe that he is, in fact, eighty-one, is to retire on September 29 as Lord Chief Justice of England, the position which he has so ably occupied since 1946. Although criticisms have been made of Lord Goddard—as is inevitable of any man occupying such a position who does not fear to speak his mind—he will be greatly missed, especially by the Bar. Lord Goddard was outspoken in the House of Lords on capital and corporal punishment and adhered to the view that callous murderers should be hanged. Another photograph of Lord Goddard, together with some biographical notes, appears on the frontispiece of this issue.

Italian dreams are swept away,
And Celtic feuds are lost today . . .
She sings of lilacs, maples, wheat,
Her own soil sings beneath her feet,
Of springtime
And Virginia,
Our Mother, Pocahontas.*

But in countries like India, to take a very large one, or Cyprus, to take a very small one, these conditions, unfortunately, do not apply. Members of different and strongly opposed races, like the Greeks and Turks or, as in India, of different and opposed creeds, like the Hindus and Mohammedans, though formerly ready to accept the firm and just, though undemocratic, rule and administration of an impartial outsider which they are now too politically conscious to endure any longer, are not prepared to subject themselves as a subservient minority to the dictates of a democratically elected majority of neighbours of another race or religion. They prefer, tragically enough, to resort

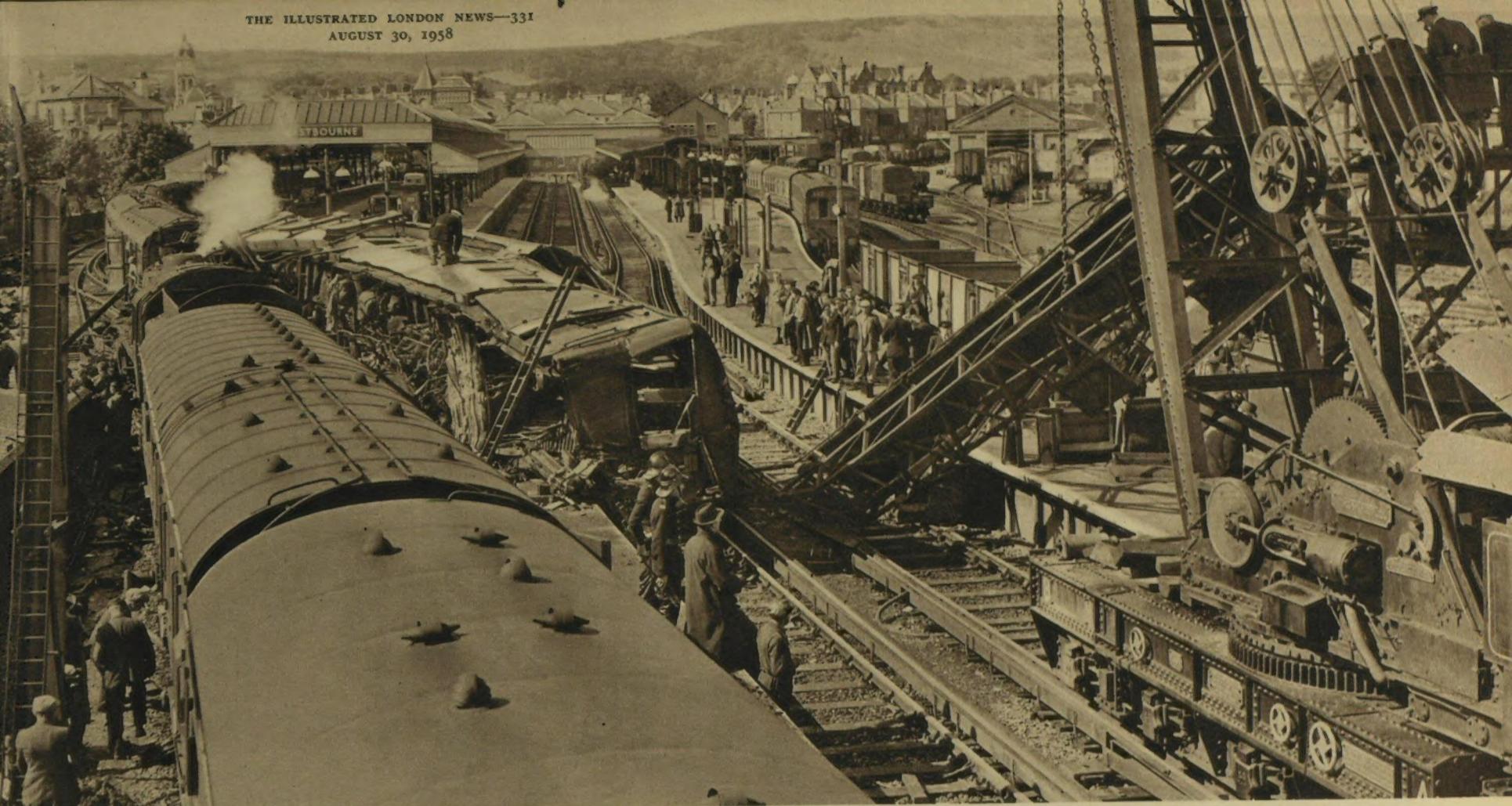
to arms and civil strife rather than endure such, as they regard it, an oppression and humiliation, with the result that partition seems the only way out. Even in Ireland, to take an example nearer home, the Protestant and Anglo-Scottish minority in Ulster, established there for 300 years, is not prepared to accept the rule of the Catholic and more ancient native Irish race in the rest of the island, indignant though this refusal makes the latter. For, though this is overlooked by the protagonists of self-determination, majority rule, to be acceptable or even tolerable, requires a prior condition, that of common and agreed nationhood. Without that, it is merely a form of legalised alien conquest and dominion.

It is this that makes the Greeks' demand for untrammelled self-government for Cyprus, and, as an inevitable consequence, for Enosis, as unreasonable as it is understandable. For unless the Turkish minority—and it is a very large one—is prepared, emotionally and intellectually, to accept the rule of a Greek majority, Enosis must mean for that minority a state of permanent national bondage. Behind the relationships of Greek and Turk lies a long tragic history of enslavement, rebellion, massacre, hatred, and revenge, and such traditional enmities are hard to exorcise.

The position would be exactly the same, only in reverse, if the Turks were the majority in Cyprus and the Greeks the minority, and it would certainly not be a situation the latter would accept. They ought not, therefore, in justice to expect the Turks to accept it. They must either first win the latter's confidence or be prepared to accept the partition of the island. The only alternative is a continuance of British or some other impartial, but alien, rule to ensure fair play for both racial communities until such time as they can live together as one nation and practise democracy without racial discrimination, or even any suspicion of racial discrimination. For once that discrimination or suspicion of discrimination exists, democracy—the essence of self-government—becomes unworkable.

The ancient Greeks "had a word for it." That word was moderation—reasonableness, the happy mean. It was what, aware, no doubt, of the experience of their own passionate and clear-cut temperament, this wonderful people, or, rather, their leaders and philosophers, came to understand was their supreme need. It did not, alas, save them from the political disintegration that too much violence of thought and feeling brought upon ancient Greek society, but for a time its practise and realisation preserved them and their almost miraculously advanced polity. The modern Greeks of to-day, for all their great virtues—and there is no more lovable race on earth—seem in politics to be without this sense. Its possession could enable them to solve the Cypriot problem, and, if they chose and showed patience and forbearance, without the sorry necessity of partition. But, however irritating the British Colonial Office can be—and I have no doubt it can at times be very irritating indeed, for, once we get ourselves into office chairs, tact, to put it mildly, ceases to be our strongest trait!—however infuriating our national genius for self-righteousness, and however bitter the memories of the Turkish-Grecian struggles of the past, murder and violence can never open the door of the enigma that is Cyprus.

* "Collected Poems," By Vachel Lindsay. (The Macmillan Co., New York; pp. 107-108.)



A CRASH IN WHICH FIVE PEOPLE DIED: THE SCENE AT EASTBOURNE STATION, SUSSEX, AFTER A TRAIN FROM GLASGOW CRASHED INTO AN ELECTRIC TRAIN.



AFTER THE CRASH: THE TANGLED WRECKAGE OF THE FIRST CARRIAGES OF THE 6.50 A.M. ELECTRIC TRAIN IN WHICH FIVE PEOPLE DIED, INCLUDING THE MOTORMAN.

THE EASTBOURNE TRAIN CRASH : A HEAD-ON COLLISION IN SUSSEX IN WHICH FIVE PEOPLE DIED.

A head-on train crash occurred at Eastbourne Station, Sussex, on August 25, when the overnight Glasgow-Eastbourne car-sleeper ploughed into the front of the 6.50 a.m. electric train from Ore, near Hastings, to London Bridge. At the time of writing, it is reported that five people have died and about thirty have been injured. The dead, all of whom were in the electric train, included the motorman, Mr. C. D. Brock. The first coach of the electric train

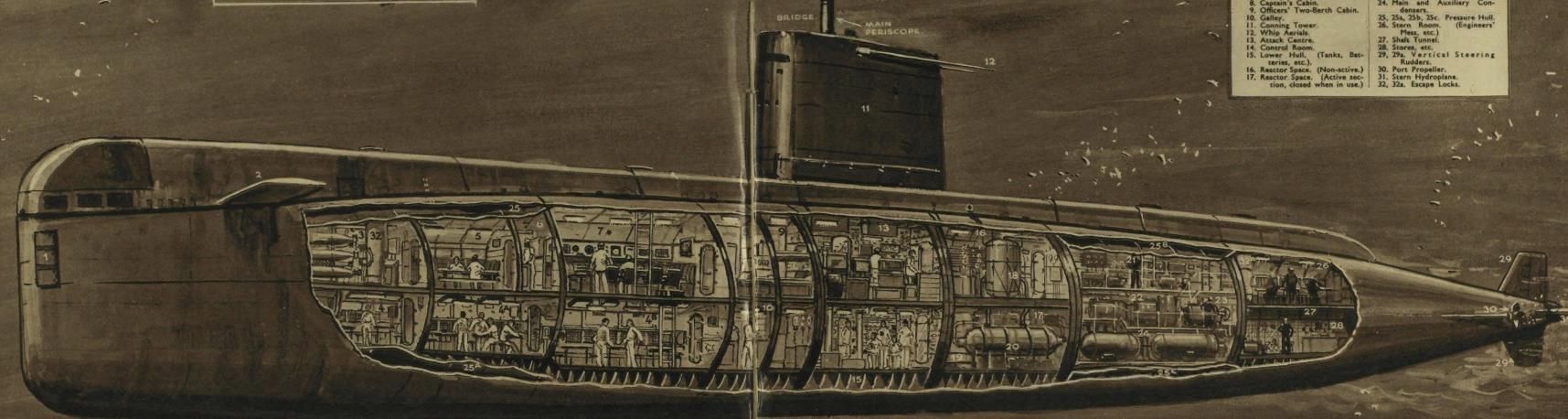
was hurled into the air and hit a 20-ft.-high signal gantry, which it demolished, afterwards crashing on its side. The second coach was telescoped and completely wrecked. The electric train bore the brunt of the collision and only one person in the Glasgow train was hurt. The crash occurred at 7.28 a.m. and rescue workers were quickly on the scene. The station was immediately closed and an emergency bus service was put into operation.

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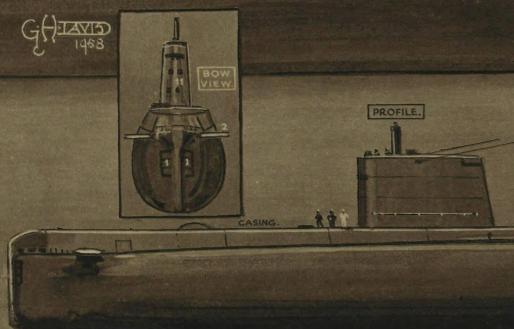
THE NORTH POLAR ICE WITH AN AVERAGE
THICKNESS OF ONE FEET AND A
GREY MASS ON THE CLOSED CIRCUIT
TELEVISION SCREEN IN THE ATTACK CENTRE.

KEY TO U.S.S. NAUTILUS.

1. Bow Doors of Torpedo Tubes.
2. Forward Hydroplane or Diving Rudder.
3. Forward Main Propeller.
4. 4a, 4b. Crew's Mess.
5. Port Engine Room.
6. Officers' Galley.
7. Vice's Room.
8. Captain's Cabin.
9. Officers' Two-Berth Cabin.
10. Control Room.
11. Conning Tower.
12. Main Periscope.
13. Attack Centre.
14. Main Control.
15. Lower Hull (Tanks, Batteries, etc.).
16. Reactor Space (Non-active.)
17. Reactor Space (Active section, closed when in use.)
18. Steam Drum and Condenser Control.
19. Reactor Control.
20. Reactor Exchanger.
21. Port Engine Room.
22. Main Propeller for Port Propeller.
23. Auxiliary Electric Drive.
24. Main and Auxiliary Condensers.
25. 25a, 25b. Pressure Hulls (Engineers' Room).
26. Stern Room.
27. Shaft Tunnel.
28. Stores.
29. Stern Vertical Steering Rudders.
30. Port Propeller.
31. Stern Hydroplane.
- 32, 32a. Escape Locks.



G. H. DAVIS
1958



THE FIRST OF HER KIND, AND A PIONEER AMONG NUCLEAR-POWERED SUBMARINES: U.S.S.

U.S.S. *Nautilus*' historic transpolar voyage has dramatically proved the immense potentialities of the nuclear-powered submarine. This sectional drawing (which does not pretend to give exactly accurate details of the ship—many parts of which are still secret) gives an idea of the impressive size and accommodation of the first nuclear-powered transpolar submarine. She is the first submarine designed to make the major portion of her voyages submerged—up to her transpolar voyage 72 per cent. of her total time under way was spent submerged. For this reason her underwater speed is considerably in excess of her surface speed, a reversal of the practice

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, S.M.A., from sketches

NAUTILUS—AN IMPRESSION OF HER SPACIOUS TWO-DECK INTERIOR, AND OTHER DETAILS.

outstanding feature—her secret nuclear power plant—can obviously only be indicated in this drawing. There are two compartments, one above the other, in which are situated the reactor producing the heat, and the heat exchanger which turns it into steam. This steam passes through the steam drums, where it is saturated, before being used to drive the port and starboard turbines and, finally, the two five-bladed propellers. The steam also provides power for all the auxiliary services. Once used, the steam passes through the condensers, where it is converted for re-use. The start-up procedure from cold is of considerable interest. Four hours before getting under way

made during a visit on board "Nautilus" at Portland.

a thorough check is made of all the reactor control gear. Two hours later the engine duty section commences work with the reactor. After another half-hour has elapsed the reactor stage is completed (the primary loop is then turned on). Half an hour before getting under way the turbines and the turbo-generator sets are warmed-up, and the latter set in motion. Fifteen minutes later all is ready to await the engine-room telegraph bells from the bridge giving the order to get under way. When the ship is steaming the active reactor space is kept completely sealed. No member of *Nautilus*' crew has been affected in any way by radiation.



HERE, in the country, the newspapers come, of course, and the radio is available, though I have watched television once only at the house of a kinswoman a couple of miles away. Yet the very fact that I am over three miles from the nearest small market town and that the view beyond the garden is of pasture and woods, with a chain of, to the eye, uninhabited hills on the skyline, brings a sense of remoteness from the business of the world. This, in its turn, creates the desire to deal with a subject more abstract than usual. Fortunately, Mr. Dulles has given me an opportunity to do so and, nevertheless, keep up to date. He has been addressing a banquet for war veterans in New York. He told them that a policy of appeasement by the West would lead to war to-day, as it did in 1939.

The Secretary of State reminded his audience how critical Stalin had been in that year of the policy of making "concession after concession to the aggressors" and abandoning collective security for small nations. Now, said Mr. Dulles, roles had altered; the Soviet Union then dreaded the power of an aggressor, but now that it had become a very great military power, it denounced collective security and desired that its successive projected victims should be left to stand alone. The United States, he said, rejected the policy of making concession after concession of this kind. He concluded that if strong nations attempted, by their own means, to "make the world over in their image," disaster was inevitable.

One can hardly fail to observe a certain similarity between the attitude of our Governments to Hitler's Germany and that of those most critical of the support given by the United States and the United Kingdom to Lebanon and Jordan. These critics would doubtless argue that pre-war Governments allowed democratic States to be swallowed up, whereas Lebanon and Jordan were minority Governments. Yet the gallant and attractive Dollfuss was not a complete democrat, any more than the equally gallant and attractive King Hussein is out of the same mould as King George VI. Supposing that we disapprove of the appeasement of the 'thirties, is there any reason why the appeasement of the 'fifties should be considered more justifiable?

The answer may be that science has since armed the world with such terribly destructive weapons that their use in war would be a far greater disaster to civilisation than anything that could have happened as a result of intervention on the issues of the Rhineland, Austria, or Czechoslovakia. It is a perfectly fair point. At the same time, the Nazi peril was enormous, both militarily and morally. Besides, Hitler's tanks and bombers were not necessarily uppermost in the minds of those who said: "We have to live with Germany." Khrushchev's nuclear weapons do not represent the sole reason why people say now: "We have to live with Russia." Evidently there are many who feel that the latter is easier to live with than the former. Hungarians may not feel so sure.

Professor Feiling, the biographer of Neville Chamberlain, defined his attitude as one of determination that war should not be brought about by any grievance on Germany's side which it

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

THE DOCTRINE OF APPEASEMENT.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

was humanly possible to remove. I am not going to discuss how far Chamberlain's actions fitted into this reasonable resolve, but only fanatics will hold that in no circumstances can appeasement be justified. Let me quote its strongest opponent before the Second World War, Sir Winston Churchill. On the recent speech by the then Foreign Secretary and the prospect of sanctions against Italy if she invaded Abyssinia, he wrote to Sir Austen Chamberlain: "It would be a terrible deed to smash up Italy.... I do not think we ought to have taken the lead in such a vehement way." In other words, he would have

it would merely estrange Italy and at the same time destroy what remained of its ability to confront the sinister and increasing power of Hitler. In no case did he consider that this country should take the lead. We must not forget, while recalling these views, the horrifying state of Britain's defences in 1935.

To-day the United Nations, which has replaced the League of Nations, possesses rather more prestige and authority than its predecessor, though I would say less than its honesty, and certainly less than its unanimity on great moral issues. Its foremost champion is the President of the United States, a country which was not a member of the League. He did not hesitate to propose that it should take the lead in procuring stability in the Middle East. He announced that

would be withdrawn from Lebanon when, and if, the United Nations could guarantee that country against invasion and subversion. In this he was followed by the British Government as regards Jordan. It is to be noted that the Government of Jordan is decidedly less enthusiastic about the proposal than that of Lebanon.

This is not appeasement in the sense in which the word was used before the war. It is putting on to the shoulders of the United Nations functions which the organisation was meant to carry. From my point of view one of the most heartening features of the President's policy is his calm and firm refusal to stand in a white sheet for the action taken to save Lebanon. In similar circumstances, he said, he would do the same thing again. One of the worst menaces to freedom to-day is the widespread belief—warmly encouraged in many newspapers—that in no circumstances should a rescue action be undertaken by an individual nation. This, however honourable the motives, is the basest sort of appeasement.

Though the United Nations organisation has done a number of jobs of the kind mentioned, some well and some indifferently, it has been able to undertake one big one only, and that through an accident. I allude to the action taken in Korea. Otherwise, when the stakes are high the United Nations is a weaker policeman even than the League. The latter at least condemned the action of Italy in Abyssinia with virtual unanimity, but there was never any question of intervention by the United Nations in Hungary, even if a late report strongly criticised the action of Russia. And there is a substantial section of this body concerned to use it chiefly for propaganda.

I believe that the fullest possible use should be made of the United Nations. I agree with the opinion of Mr. Dulles on appeasement, though I also detect a tincture of it in the policy of the United States regarding the Anglo-French action in Egypt.

I am not in favour of rash action and am prepared to admit that the United States and the United Kingdom would, in the circumstances, have been unable to avert the downfall of freedom in Hungary. I consider that much of the criticism of recent American and British policy reveals the spirit of appeasement, though this is perhaps not always conscious. I am sure it is a bad policy, one which destroys friends, puts a premium on aggression, and whets the appetite of lawless aggressors, thus defeating its own ends.



A DETERMINED AFRIKANER NATIONALIST AND SUPPORTER OF APARTHEID: MR. STRYDOM, THE SOUTH AFRICAN PRIME MINISTER, WHO DIED ON AUGUST 24.

Mr. Johannes Strydom, who became fifth Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa in 1954, died in Cape Town at the age of sixty-five on August 24. Mr. Strydom, who was noted for his straightforwardness and integrity, was devoted to the Afrikaner Nationalist cause and to the cause of Apartheid. He was elected M.P. for Waterberg, in the Transvaal, in 1929, and held the seat until his death. In the elections last April he was given overwhelming support, and made history in the Union by being returned for a third term. He had been in favour of forming a South African Republic, and recently announced that the British National Anthem was to be superseded in the Union by "Die Stem." In 1955, by enlarging the Senate and the Supreme Court, he took an important step in furthering political white supremacy in the Union. Educated at Stellenbosch and Pretoria Universities, he had been a noted Rugby player, had worked in ostrich and cattle farming, and had also been a Civil Servant and a lawyer.

been glad of a little appeasement of Italy because she then represented something of a counter-balance to Germany.

He made an important qualification, however. If the League of Nations were prepared to use the united strength of all its members to put a curb on Mussolini, he held that Britain should take its share. In that case the League would acquire renewed prestige, which he thought would help to restrain the other dictator. If, on the contrary, the League resorted to half-measures,

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



(Above.)
AUSTRALIA. AT WOOMERA ROCKET RANGE: A MALKARA, THE NEW AUSTRALIAN GUIDED MISSILE, LEAVING ITS LAUNCHER DURING RECENT TESTS.

A United Kingdom order for 150 Australian-designed *Malkara* guided missiles was announced recently in Australia. Thirty of them have been sent to Britain for acceptance tests. A very high degree of accuracy has been claimed for the *Malkara*, which is designed for use against tanks and defence positions. It is guided by thumb control linked with the missile by a wire. At the wingtips are tracking flares for aiming.



AUSTRALIA. ABOUT TO SCORE A BULL'S-EYE: A MALKARA SEEN THROUGH THE CIRCULAR APERTURE OF A TARGET AT WOOMERA.



(Right.)
U.S.A. AT THE UNITED NATIONS HEADQUARTERS, NEW YORK: THE SCENE WHEN THE ARAB RESOLUTION ON THE MIDDLE EAST WAS ADOPTED BY 80 VOTES TO NIL.

On August 21, after a week's debate on the Middle East, the United Nations General Assembly adopted by 80 votes to nil a resolution to promote stability in the area, which was submitted by ten Arab states. The resolution called on Arab states to refrain from aggression and interference in each other's internal affairs, and on the Secretary-General to facilitate the withdrawal of British and U.S. forces in the area.



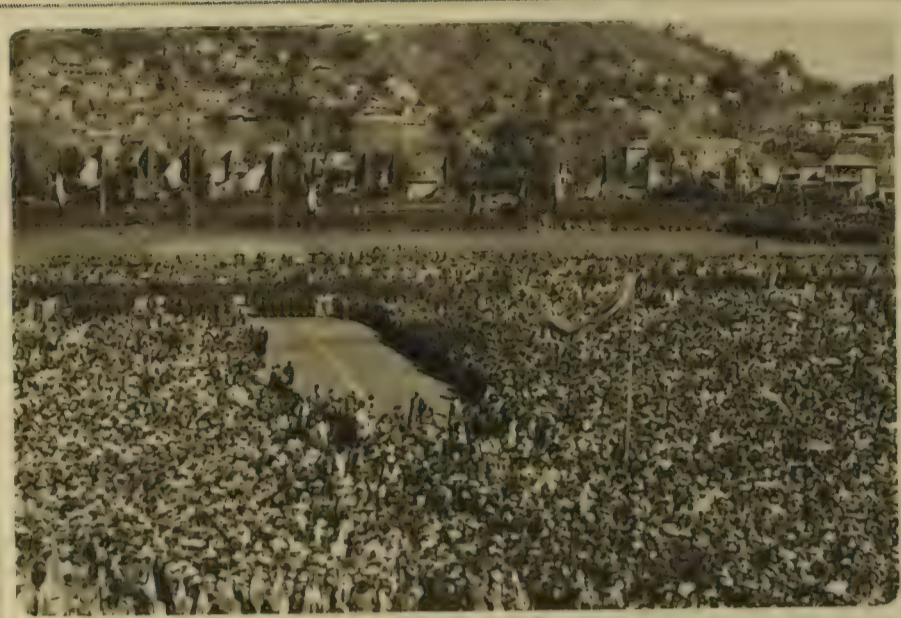
AFRICA. A CAR CRASHES INTO A RHINOCEROS: THE SCENE ON THE MAIN ROAD BETWEEN NAIROBI AND MOMBASA AFTER A RECENT ACCIDENT.

A car travelling at high speed along the main Nairobi-Mombasa road collided recently with a rhinoceros as it charged out of the bush and across the road. The rhinoceros, one of Africa's most dangerous animals, died within ten minutes. The driver of the car was slightly hurt.



SWITZERLAND. IN GENEVA: DR. FISK (U.S.A.) SHAKING HANDS WITH MR. FEDOROV (U.S.S.R.), R., WHEN AGREEMENT ON DETECTION OF NUCLEAR TESTS WAS REACHED. On August 21 the east-west conference of scientific experts in Geneva drew to its close and it was announced that it would be feasible to set up an effective control system for the supervision of a possible agreement on the world-wide cessation of nuclear weapon tests.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



IN THE STADIUM AT ANTANANARIVO, CAPITAL OF MADAGASCAR: PART OF THE HUGE CROWD ADDRESSED BY GENERAL DE GAULLE DURING HIS VISIT.



ON HIS ARRIVAL IN ANTANANARIVO, THE CAPITAL OF MADAGASCAR: GENERAL DE GAULLE AMONG PART OF THE LARGE CROWD WHICH GATHERED TO WELCOME HIM.



ARRIVING TO SPEAK AT THE STADIUM IN MADAGASCAR ON AUGUST 22: GENERAL DE GAULLE RECEIVING AN ENTHUSIASTIC WELCOME FROM THE CROWD.

MADAGASCAR. GENERAL DE GAULLE'S VISIT: A WARM WELCOME IN ANTANANARIVO, THE CAPITAL.

GENERAL DE GAULLE arrived by air at Antananarivo, the capital of Madagascar, on August 21 on the first stage of his tour of the French Union, during which he was to speak on the referendum which is to take place in September. In the Representative Assembly in Antananarivo, the French Prime Minister said the people of Madagascar would have the choice of secession, but felt sure they would not choose this solution. His speech was reported to have been given an enthusiastic ovation. Later, he addressed a large crowd in the stadium ground in Antananarivo. Mr. Tsiranana, President of the island's Council of Government, also spoke, and was cheered when he shouted "Long live the Franco-Madagascan community, long live the Madagascan Republic." General de Gaulle left Madagascar to continue his tour on August 23.

STOCKHOLM. THE 800 METRES AT THE EUROPEAN GAMES.

SOON after the start of the 800 metres final at the sixth European Athletics Championship at Stockholm on August 21, M. A. Rawson of Great Britain was edged off the track and ran for three strides inside the curve. He finished the hard-fought race inches ahead of A. Boysen of Norway, having come up from fourth place in the final straight. Boysen, however, was declared the winner, as Rawson was disqualified for having run off the track at the first bend. The British team manager immediately launched an appeal against the disqualification, backed by the starter. At 10.20 p.m., after a meeting lasting 2½ hours, the jury of appeal lifted the disqualification, and Rawson was reinstated as the winner of this exciting final. Great Britain's team was notably successful in the Games and won a total of seven Gold, five Silver and five Bronze medals, placing them third to Russia and Germany among the medal winners.



SOON AFTER THE START OF THE 800 METRES FINAL ON AUGUST 21: GREAT BRITAIN'S M. A. RAWSON (LEFT) RUNNING OFF THE TRACK AFTER BEING EDGED OFF AT THE FIRST BEND.



(Above.)
A RAPID RECOVERY: RAWSON (RIGHT) COMING BACK ON TO THE TRACK TO FINISH FIRST IN THE 800 METRES IN WHICH A. BOYSEN (NORWAY, NO. 207) WAS AT FIRST DECLARED THE WINNER.



A LONE VICTORY CEREMONY ON THE DAY AFTER THE DRAMATIC 800 METRES FINAL: M. A. RAWSON RECEIVING HIS GOLD MEDAL.



SOON AFTER THE RACE: A. BOYSEN (NORWAY), WHO WAS DECLARED THE WINNER AFTER RAWSON'S DISQUALIFICATION.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



ITALY. AFTER A LANDSLIDE IN THE ITALIAN ALPS: THE FLOOD-WATERS OF THE DIVERIA RIVER SURGING THROUGH SAN GIOVANNI AFTER SWEEPING AWAY A LARGE PART OF THE ROAD.

At the time of writing, thirteen people are known to have lost their lives after torrential rain in the Italian Alps had brought floods, and thousands of tons of rock and earth, hurtling down the mountainsides on August 20, blocking the road and railway leading to the Simplon



ITALY. ENGULFED BY THE FLOODS WHICH FOLLOWED THE LANDSLIDE: WRECKED HOUSES IN THE VILLAGE OF SAN GIOVANNI.

Pass. The landslide wrecked houses in the village of San Giovanni, and the floods which followed swept away a large part of the road and engulfed the surviving houses. On August 21 it was reported that the Simplon Railway would not be fully repaired for six weeks.



CONNECTICUT, U.S.A. LAUNCHED AT GROTON ON AUGUST 19: TRITON—THE WORLD'S LARGEST SUBMARINE AND THE FIRST TO BE POWERED BY TWO NUCLEAR REACTORS.

U.S.S. *Triton* has been designed to act as a guide and protector to the United States' fleet of nuclear-powered attack submarines. 447 ft. long, she cost about 109,000,000 dollars, and has been described as a mobile radar station and "a floating electronic island."



FRANCE. THE STATE FUNERAL OF M. JOLIOT-CURIE: THE CATAFALQUE IN THE COURT OF HONOUR AT THE SORBONNE, IN PARIS, ON AUGUST 19.

Professor Joliot-Curie, the French nuclear scientist, who died on August 15, was buried near Paris on August 19 with the full honours of a state funeral. Leaders of the French Communist Party attended the ceremonies at the Sorbonne and at the cemetery of Sceaux.



EIRE. AFTER RUNNING AGROUND IN THICK MIST ON AUGUST 21: THE DUTCH CARGO-VESSEL WILLEMIJN STRANDED ON BURIAL ISLAND, OFF THE COAST OF CO. DOWN.

While bound for Sligo from Dublin, the Dutch cargo-vessel *Willemijn* ran aground on Burial Island in thick mist. It was reported that the vessel was holed, but that all her crew were safe. At low water the vessel was stranded high and dry on the island.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



A MODERN BUILDING IN A STREET LINED WITH MODERN EUROPEAN CARS : THE GENERAL POST OFFICE IN AMMAN.



GUARDED BY TWO JORDANIAN SOLDIERS : THE ENTRANCE TO KING HUSSEIN'S ROYAL PALACE IN AMMAN.



ANOTHER VIEW IN AMMAN : JORDANIANS ON A PAVEMENT SHELTERED BY THE HUGE MOSQUE IN THE CENTRE OF THE CAPITAL.



IN A DESERTED STREET: BRITISH AND JORDANIAN SOLDIERS STAND GUARD OUTSIDE THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF THE BRITISH EMBASSY IN AMMAN.



A CROWDED SCENE IN ONE OF THE STREETS OF AMMAN AFTER A RECENT ROAD ACCIDENT INVOLVING A CAR AND A BUS.



AMERICAN AND BRITISH CARS, BUSES AND THE GLARE OF SUNLIGHT : A RECENT STREET SCENE IN A BUSY PART OF AMMAN.

JORDAN. IN THE HEART OF THE TROUBLED MIDDLE EAST : SCENES IN THE JORDANIAN CAPITAL.

The unanimous adoption by the United Nations General Assembly on August 21 of the Arab resolution on the Middle East facilitated the future withdrawal of British and United States forces from Jordan and Lebanon respectively, and also appeared to offer the chance of restoring stability in this part of the world. The resolution, put forward by the ten Arab States—including President Nasser's United Arab Republic and Jordan and Lebanon—calls upon the Arab States "to act strictly in accordance with the principles of mutual respect for each other's territorial integrity and sovereignty . . . and to ensure that their conduct by word and deed conforms

to these principles." The Secretary-General was also called on to take steps for guarding the integrity of the two countries. The security of Lebanon and Jordan, acutely threatened at the time of the coup in Iraq, when the British and U.S. forces had arrived, was thus safeguarded, and the withdrawal of "foreign forces" from the two countries facilitated. In contrast with this cheerful prospect were the facts that subversive Egyptian broadcasts directed against King Hussein (and President Chamoun) continued until the time of the U.N. resolution, and, in Jordan, a number of plots against the King have recently been reported.

THE GLORY OF VERSAILLES.

"VERSAILLES AND THE TRIANONS." By G. VAN DER KEMP AND J. LEVRON.*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

IT has been well said that the difference between the Spanish genius and the French is the difference between the Escorial and Versailles. Only a century separated their erection, and yet in all else they are worlds apart, for the outlook which they respectively typify could not be in greater contrast. The purpose of Philip II was to construct a religious house on a magnificent scale that would proclaim to mankind his devotion to the Faith, combined with a palace for himself in which he could live in the shadows of the cloister; and, in consequence, we have a vast building, or, rather, range of buildings, half-palace, half-monastery, set in the wild Guadarrama mountains. Philip's great-grandson, Louis XIV, had very different ideas, and Versailles, set in gardens laid out by Le Nôtre, was erected to the glory not of God, but of the King in particular, and of France in general.

From the beginning Versailles had a political significance. Louis never forgot the revolutionary days of his youth when the scum of Paris invaded his palace, and gathered round his bed. He distrusted the capital, and desired to put a distance between it and himself. At an early age he realised the small amount of confidence that could be placed in its citizens, and from that time can be traced the growth of the suspicion and dislike of Paris which caused him in 1682 to transfer the government of France to Versailles, where it remained until the Revolution. To understand what this meant it is necessary to discard the modern idea of a palace as a large building inhabited by a sovereign, his immediate relatives, and a number of servants. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries a palace was very much more than this, for it housed not only the Royal family, but also the senior Civil Servants, and was, in fact, the seat of the administration. This was the case not only with Versailles, but also with Whitehall in the days of the Stuarts, as the pages of Pepys abundantly prove.

At the same time the magnificence of Versailles did not only represent the King's personal reaction against the treatment he had suffered in his youth, as a self-made man or a film star might order a marble bath with silver taps, but it was also part of his considered policy of impressing upon the world "the divinity which doth hedge a king." As in everything which he did, there was method in the apparent extravagance of his Court, for his aim was to wean the nobility away from the provinces, where they had been so powerful, to ruin themselves at Versailles. He was under no illusions as to the French aristocracy, which was to bring down the monarchy itself in the end. In this policy he was undoubtedly successful, for the majesty of the throne managed to survive the return to power of the aristocracy under the Regency, as well as the scandals of the reign of his successor, and it required all the stupidity of Louis XVI to undo his work. On another score it has been alleged that the building of Versailles and other palaces was gross extravagance, but in answer to this charge it must be remembered that their construction was in the nature of a scheme of public works which gave employment to discharged soldiers in time of peace, and that the money concerned was nearly all spent in the country.

As we are told in these pages:

The economic part played by Versailles should not in fact be underestimated. At the moment when Louis XIV took the government in hand himself, at the death of Mazarin in 1661, France was dependent on foreign countries, notably on Germany, Flanders and, above all, Italy. All luxury products: marbles, velvets, lace, mirrors, etc., came from abroad, and each year it was the "loss of currency" which impoverished the national treasury.

The King and Colbert were not unaware of the importance of this problem, when reorganising the whole of the French economy. They set to work to stimulate activity in the old royal industries and create new ones, some of which (the Gobelins or Saint-Gobain) are still prosperous to-day. The marble quarries of the Pyrenees, which had not been worked

while the numerous illustrations could not be better. There is a unity between them and the letterpress which is peculiarly fitting in a book on Versailles, which is itself a masterpiece of proportion combining, as it does, national originality with the inspiration of the classical tradition.

It is not, however, only the history, architecture and adornments of the palace that are described in these pages, for the reader is taken into the very life of Versailles in the days of its greatness:

There is every reason to be surprised at the freedom with which anybody could enter the royal mansion. The truth is . . . that nothing was easier than access to the royal apartments. People circulated in the place "as in a mill." This remark of Georges Lenôtre's is hardly an exaggeration! To assist at the Grand Couvert one only had to be decently dressed. Men, of course, were obliged to wear a sword, but as the lodge-keeper always kept a supply for the use of those who had forgotten theirs, or did not possess one, it was not difficult to procure this accessory. It was much easier to get into Versailles than it is nowadays to enter the Elysée. It was an old tradition of the French monarchy. From St. Louis to Louis XVI the Kings were always approachable, or, more exactly, the palace where they lived was accessible to all their subjects. The King lived in public from the time he arose to the time he went to bed.

We hear a great deal about the amount of publicity which modern Royalty receive, but they live in obscurity compared with their ancestors of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It was taken as a matter of course. During the festivities attendant upon the birth of the Duke of Burgundy the mob invaded the palace in all directions, and the soldiers, excited and possibly inebriated, made a bonfire of the wood destined for the floors and ceilings. When the attention of Louis XIV was called to the damage that was being done, he merely observed, "Let them enjoy themselves; we can easily renew the walls and floors, but the general joy of a people is of rare occurrence."

The shadow of *Le Grand Monarque* was over Versailles, as it was over the French monarchy, until the Revolution, and the tragedy of France was that there was no one after him who could bend the bow of Ulysses. Not the least poignant of the stories told in these pages is that of the young Louis XVI, aged twenty-one, and of Marie Antoinette, aged nineteen, when Mme. de Noailles first greeted them as King and Queen of France:

They rose to their feet. Marie Antoinette, a handkerchief in hand, appeared unable to restrain her tears. "Oh God," she murmured, almost fainting, "we are too young to reign."

With the compulsory withdrawal of the Royal family to Paris at the time of the Revolution, of which there is an excellent illustration in this book which would seem to show that on their march to Paris the market-women were escorted by mutinous troops, the glory of Versailles came to an end.

None of the subsequent rulers of France, Royal, Imperial, or Republican, has taken much interest in it; but it has its place in modern history, for there, in 1871, the Second Reich had its beginning, and there, in 1919, it had its end.

For those who know Versailles and the Trianons this excellent book will be a temptation to return there; those who do not know them will be unable to rest until they have visited them.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 360 of this issue.



THREE PORTRAITS OF LOUIS XVII, WHO DIED IN PRISON AT THE AGE OF TEN: (LEFT) BY KUCHARSKY; (CENTRE) BY G.-J. DROUAIIS AND (RIGHT) BY AN UNKNOWN HAND

Photographs by: Archives Photographiques, Paris (left), and M. Giraudon, Paris.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Versailles and the Trianons," by courtesy of the publisher, Nicholas Kaye.

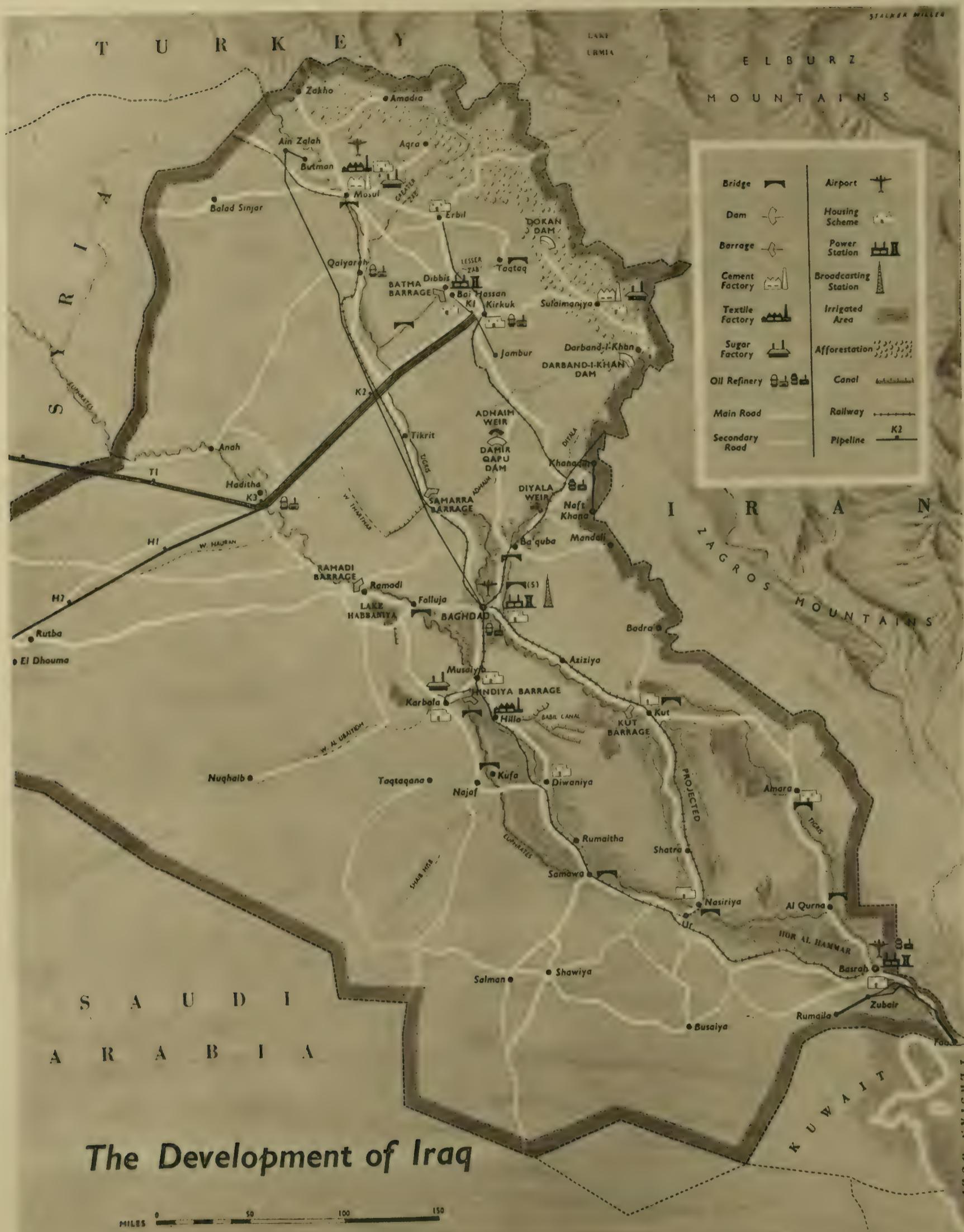


THE DAUPHIN AND MADAME ROYALE, BY MME. VIGEE-LEBRUN.

Photograph by M. Giraudon, Paris.

since the fall of the Roman Empire, were opened up again and their marbles dispatched to the yards at Versailles and Trianon; the silk industries at Lyon were developed. Everything this extraordinary industrial and artistic activity produced was destined for Versailles. Clever propaganda kept Europe informed of the marvels of the new royal residence and, as this was freely open to the public, it became a sort of permanent exhibition of French arts and crafts.

It is against this background that the present admirable work must be read. The authors have shown remarkable skill in the balance they have struck between the historical and the descriptive,



THE GREAT ECONOMIC PROGRESS MADE DURING THE REIGN OF THE LATE KING FAISAL: A DETAILED MAP ILLUSTRATING THE MANY AND VARIED PROJECTS UNDERTAKEN IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF IRAQ SINCE 1951.

In 1951 a profit-sharing agreement was made between the Iraq Government and the Iraq Petroleum Company and its Associates, and thus Iraq was able to use her oil revenues for the development of her considerable natural resources. The Iraq Development Board had been set up to realise this policy, and 70 per cent. of Iraq's oil revenues were put at the disposal of the Board to implement a programme of major projects designed to achieve an improved standard of living throughout the country. The ambitious programme drawn up included such objects as flood-control, irrigation, drainage, communications, hospitals, schools, houses, water supply, sanitation, the improvement of indigenous industries and the establishment of new ones. The achievements of this vast programme—which incorporated

a five-year plan designed to end in 1960—are illustrated on this map. In March 1957, the "Iraq Development Week" marked a notable stage of the programme with the inauguration of many completed projects and the formal commencement of new ones. Among the outstanding achievements of the development programme has been the controlling of the waters of the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers by the Wadi Tharthar and the Habbaniyah projects. By removing the danger of flooding from the twin rivers these projects have revolutionised the whole agricultural scene in Iraq. At the same time modern agricultural methods and equipment were introduced. Throughout its work the Development Board has received the assistance of the United States International Co-operation Administration (Point Four).

THE 19TH FARNBOROUGH EXHIBITION—SEPT. 1-7.

SPECIAL SECTION.

BRITAIN'S ACHIEVEMENT IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF GAS-TURBINE-ENGINED AIRLINERS—AN IMPORTANT ASPECT OF THE AIR DISPLAY.

By LEONARD BRIDGMAN, A.R.Ae.S., S.Av.A., Editor of Jane's "All the World's Aircraft."

AT the time of writing, some 350 civil airliners powered by gas-turbine engines are in regular airline service all over the World—they are all of British design and construction. This is convincing evidence of the part already played by the British aircraft industry in the development of aircraft and engines which have made possible the introduction into air travel of entirely new conceptions of comfort, speed and reliability.

Britain's foresight and enterprise in pioneering this new form of travel, a natural corollary to its pioneering of the gas-turbine engine, has resulted in the purchase of British airliners by some forty or more international airlines which have never used British aircraft before. This break into a market which for the past twenty years has been a virtual monopoly of the American industry is a tribute to the successful efforts of the British industry to produce and market what the customer is going to have to want.

The allied wartime decision to concentrate all transport production in the United States, leaving Britain to devote its entire energies to the manufacture of combat aircraft, was sound militarily, but when peace came, this country did not have the design and production experience to enable it to compete immediately with the vast industry in being on the other side of the Atlantic.

It was this situation that gave birth to an official decision to support the development of a completely new generation of transports powered by the gas-turbine engine which Britain had pioneered and with which it had unique experience.

Development of the World's first jetliner, the de Havilland *Comet*, began in 1947, the first prototype flew on July 27, 1949, and B.O.A.C. inaugurated the World's first scheduled jetliner service on May 2, 1952, a significant date in the history of air transport. After two years of *Comet* operations an unsuspected manifestation of metal fatigue led to disaster, but the determination of this new problem of metallurgy in one of the most remarkable official investigations ever conducted in public was of inestimable value to the aeronautical world, not least to those firms who were by now taking steps to follow our lead.

To-day, the *Comet 4*, new in everything but name, incorporates all the improvements accumulated in six years of research, development and operations, including 30,000 hours in airline service and 110,000 flying hours with R.A.F. Transport Command. Powered by four of the latest Rolls-Royce *Avon* engines, which have a background of 1,250,000 flying hours, the *Comet 4* is in production in a long-range intercontinental version for B.O.A.C. and Aerolineas Argentinas and in a medium-range continental version for B.E.A., and will be ready to go into service over the Atlantic with B.O.A.C. before the end of this year. A B.O.A.C. *Comet 4* carrying a simulated full load of seventy-six passengers and operating to a B.O.A.C. flight plan has already crossed the Atlantic in 6 hours 16 minutes, representing an average speed of 558 m.p.h.—an impressive prelude to the *Comet's* triumphant return to airline service.

On July 16 last, Vickers announced the sale of ten *Viscounts* to Northeast Airlines, the sixth U.S. operator to adopt the *Viscount*. With this order the total number of *Viscounts* ordered reached 400, the number of airlines which had bought *Viscounts* became forty.

The *Viscount* story is one of uninterrupted success, but only because of the faith of British European Airways in this aircraft and its determination to evolve from the original *Viscount 630*,

which first flew on July 16, 1948, an airliner which would fit into its future operational programme. From B.E.A.'s specification was born the *Viscount 700*, with the production version of which the World's first propjet-powered passenger services were inaugurated on April 18, 1953.

A medium-range aircraft, the *Viscount* is in operation on the five continents, its most notable achievement having been to penetrate into the United States, hitherto the exclusive preserve of the American aircraft industry. Wherever it has gone into service the *Viscount* has introduced new standards of comfort, has set countless point-to-point speed records in the course of its scheduled operations and has attracted traffic because of its tremendous passenger appeal.

From its basic layout, in the *630* prototype, as a thirty-two-passenger aircraft powered by four 1000 e.h.p. Rolls-Royce *Dart* engines, the *Viscount* has grown through successive stages to an aero-

and with the *Britannia 312* long-range version inaugurated the World's first propjet service across the Atlantic on December 19, 1957.

Three days later, on December 22, what is probably the smallest transatlantic operator, El Al—Israel Airlines, put the first of its original fleet of three *Britannias* on its Tel Aviv-New York service, and promptly claimed the Atlantic "Blue Riband" for airliners, with a crossing time of 7 hours 44 minutes. By June El Al was operating five 12,000-mile weekly round trips between the Middle East and New York with only three *Britannias*.

Another example of high utilisation is provided by the Mexican company Aeronaves de Mexico, which put the *Britannia* into service between Mexico City and New York on December 18, 1957. Until a second *Britannia* was delivered, the first aircraft performed the 4000-mile return journey regularly six days a week for a month, setting a pace which the American carriers could not match.

On ten of the highly competitive routes throughout the world the *Britannia* is showing an average saving of time of some 20 per cent. over its nearest piston-engined competitor. Indeed, on the "Over the Pole" route of Canadian Pacific Airlines the *Britannia*, now flying non-stop between Vancouver and Amsterdam, clips as much as 30 per cent. off the previous schedule.

In briefly outlining Britain's part in the development of gas-turbine-engined airliners credit must be given to the aero-engine builders, and, in particular, to Rolls-Royce, whose products have already established an unmatched standard of efficiency and reliability in civil operation.

The Rolls-Royce *Dart* and *Tyne* propjets and the *Avon* and *Conway* turbojets are the engines of to-day and to-morrow. Apart from the installations already mentioned, the *Dart*, with its unique background of over 5,000,000 hours of airline operation in *Viscounts*, also powers the Handley Page *Herald* "branchliner," the Armstrong Whitworth *Argosy* four-engined freighter-

coach due to fly this year, and the twin-engined Fokker *F.27*, now in quantity production in the Netherlands and the U.S.A.; the *Tyne* has been selected to power the Canadair *CL-44*, a Canadian development from the *Britannia*; the *Avon* is the power-plant for the French Sud-Aviation *Caravelle*; and the *Conway* by-pass turbojet has been chosen for the Vickers *VC.10* "second generation" jetliner ordered by B.O.A.C. for service in 1963 onwards, and has been specified by several international airlines to power the American Boeing *707's* and Douglas *DC-8's* which they have ordered.

The Bristol *Proteus* propjet, which powers the *Britannia*, has quickly established itself as an engine of efficiency and reliability, while the Napier *Eland*, recently awarded an American Type Certificate, shows versatility by being the power-unit selected for the conventional Canadair *540* airliner and the unconventional Fairey *Rotodyne*, the World's first vertical take-off airliner.

Within the limited scope of this page, it has only been possible to mention briefly some of the principal products of the British aircraft and engine builders. The aircraft industry, apart from the prime manufacturers, embraces a multiplicity of firms engaged in the development and production of accessories and materials to meet the demands of the jet and supersonic age. An impressive cross-section of the products of this virile and up-to-the-minute industry will be on view to the world at the Display and Exhibition of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors at Farnborough in the first week of September.



TO BE SHOWN AT FARNBOROUGH FOR THE FIRST TIME THIS YEAR: THE BRISTOL 192 TWIN-ENGINED TURBINE HELICOPTER. THE 192 IS WESTERN EUROPE'S BIGGEST MILITARY HELICOPTER AND IS NOW IN PRODUCTION FOR THE ROYAL AIR FORCE. IT IS POWERED BY TWO NAPIER GAZELLE ENGINES.

plane powered by *Dart* engines developing almost twice the output of the original engines in the *630*, and capable of carrying up to sixty-five passengers at a cruising speed of 365 m.p.h. That it is still susceptible to development, as all well-designed aeroplanes are, is instanced by the fact that by 1959 a version fitted with even more powerful *Dart* engines will cruise at 400 m.p.h.

Due to fly before the end of this year is the first Vickers *Vanguard*, a new four-engined propjet airliner which has been designed to offer more speed, capacity, comfort and a greater profit potential than that of any other aircraft on offer to-day. With normal first-class accommodation for ninety-seven passengers (137 in a "thrift" class furnishing) and an unusually large freight-carrying capacity, the *Vanguard*, powered by four Rolls-Royce *Tyne* propjets, will have a cruising speed of 425 m.p.h. and an operational versatility which should appeal to the large number of operators who already have experience of the efficiency and profitability of a Vickers/Rolls-Royce product. Already in production, the first *Vanguards* are due for delivery to B.E.A. and Trans-Canada Airlines in 1960.

Sharing with the *Viscount* the privilege of being the only gas-turbine-powered airliners now in world-wide service is the Bristol *Britannia*, which is not only the largest airliner in service to-day, but is also the fastest and the quietest—the "Whispering Giant" of the popular Press.

B.O.A.C. put the *Britannia 102* into service on its Commonwealth routes on February 1, 1957.

FROM THE GNAT LIGHTWEIGHT FIGHTER TO THE GIANT VICTOR BOMBER: MILITARY AIRCRAFT APPEARING AT FARNBOROUGH THIS YEAR.



THE ARROW-LIKE EXPERIMENTAL FAIREY DELTA 2, WHICH SET UP A WORLD SPEED RECORD OF 1132 M.P.H. IN 1956 AND IS TAKING PART IN THE FLYING DISPLAY.



A POWERFUL NAVAL FIGHTER: FOUR D.H. 110 SEA VIXENS, WHICH COMBINE OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCE WITH HIGH OPERATIONAL CAPABILITY.



AN IMPRESSION OF THE GANNET AEW. MK. 3, WHICH IS ADAPTED TO CARRY AIR EARLY WARNING RADAR, AND WHICH OPENS THE FLYING PROGRAMME.



A NEW NAVAL STRIKE BOMBER: THE NA.39, WHICH HAS A HIGH TOP SPEED AND IS DESIGNED TO LAND ON AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS.



A STRIKING EXHIBIT IN THE FLYING DISPLAY: THE VICTOR V-BOMBER—THE LARGEST AIRCRAFT IN THE WORLD TO HAVE EXCEEDED THE SPEED OF SOUND.



THE HUNTING PERCIVAL JET PROVOST, WHICH IS CLAIMED TO BE THE WORLD'S FIRST MILITARY JET TRAINING AIRCRAFT.



BRITAIN'S FASTEST FIGHTER: THE ENGLISH ELECTRIC P.1B, WHICH HAS BEEN ORDERED IN QUANTITY FOR THE R.A.F. AND HAS EXCEEDED 1132 M.P.H.

A STRIKING PHOTOGRAPH OF THE VULCAN MK. II PROTOTYPE. THE VULCAN MK. II IS FITTED WITH THE LATEST AND MOST POWERFUL OLYMPUS TURBOJETS.



A LIGHTWEIGHT FIGHTER WHICH HAS AROUSED CONSIDERABLE INTEREST ABROAD: THE APPROPRIATELY NAMED FOLLAND GNAT.



ANOTHER WELL-KNOWN R.A.F. FIGHTER: THE JAVELIN MK. 8, WHICH IS POWERED BY TWO SAPPHIRE ENGINES.



IN PRODUCTION FOR THE R.A.F. AND THE SOUTH AFRICAN AIR FORCE: THE AVRO SHACKLETON M.R. 3, DESIGNED FOR MARITIME RECONNAISSANCE.



A FAMOUS BRITISH FIGHTER: THE HUNTER MK. 6, TWO OF WHICH ARE TAKING PART IN THE FLYING DISPLAY.

THE Flying Display and Exhibition at Farnborough, which is organised by the Society of British Aircraft Constructors, is the largest display in the world open to the public this year on September 5, 6 and 7. The display is the focal point of the British aircraft industry's overseas sales drive, and this year's show—the nineteenth—has been preceded by record sales abroad of aviation goods in the first half of 1958. Their value amounted to 46 per cent. more than in the same period last year. It is expected that this year the 1957 record attendance of 7000 overseas guests will be comfortably exceeded. As usual, a number of military aircrafts are to be seen at Farnborough, and some of the latest guided weapons are also exhibited. A Gannet adapted to carry early warning equipment opens the flying programme, and will be followed by the latest mark of Canberra, the Mk. II Trainer. The Conway Vulcan engine test bed is also to fly over. It will be powered by the Rolls-Royce Conway by-pass turborjet, the most powerful engine yet announced for civil aviation and intended for the large new Vickers aircraft.

Armstrongs VC 10 airliner (due to fly in 1961), the Victor bomber, and for versions of the Avro 707 and 720 airliners. A Vulcan carrying a nuclear bomb is also to fly. At the end of the first part of the display a Canberra flies over, a Scorpion rocket motor adding to the power of its two Avon engines. Among the nine helicopters to be seen in the air are the Bristol 192 (illustrated on page 341) and the SR.P.531 turbine helicopter, both appearing at Farnborough for the first time. The Jet Provost, the R.A.F.'s first "all-through" jet trainer, is appearing, and is followed by the FD. 2, which set up a world speed record in 1956. A contrast to the latter is the Roodway, the world's first vertical take-off and landing aircraft, a training aircraft for military purposes for this kind of aircraft. Among the other military aircraft in the flying display are the NA.39, the new naval strike bomber which is making its first appearance at Farnborough, and the fastest British fighter, the P.1B (recently named the *Lightning*), a large and complex aircraft with a remarkable degree of manoeuvrability.



THE TRAINING VERSION OF THE HUNTER: THE T. MK. 7, WHICH HAS TWO SEATS SIDE BY SIDE, AND IS FLYING AT FARNBOROUGH.



A LEADING EXHIBIT AT FARNBOROUGH: THE COMET 4, WHICH IS SHORTLY TO GO INTO OPERATION ON THE FIRST LONDON—NEW YORK JET AIRLINER SERVICE.

Shortly before 7 p.m. on August 12 the *Comet 4* G-APDA landed at Hatfield, Hertfordshire, after flying non-stop across the Atlantic from Idlewild Airport, New York. The flight took only 7 hrs. 12 mins. British time. It had thus flown nearly 3500 miles in 6 hrs. 16 mins. (take-off to overhead at Hatfield) at an average speed of 558 m.p.h., and had set up a new unofficial record for a transatlantic flight from New York to Britain by a passenger-carrying civil aircraft. The previous best time of 7 hrs. 44 mins. had been set up by a Bristol

Britannia of El Al (Israel Airlines) in January. The *Comet* had been undergoing trials at Idlewild and had been fitted with special noise suppressors. The result of the trials was expected to be satisfactory and earlier tests with the suppressors on the *Comet 3* at Hatfield had been judged favourably. G-APDA, which first flew on April 27 this year, is the first of nineteen *Comet 4s* on order for B.O.A.C., who are intending to open the first jet airliner service between New York and London with them in a few months. At the

time of writing the *Comet's* rival, the *Boeing 707*, had not yet made its first Atlantic crossing. The *Comet 4*, which will be the leading de Havilland exhibit flying at Farnborough this year, is designed to carry 56 first-class, 67 mixed-class or 71 tourist-class passengers. The aircraft which recently made the record-breaking transatlantic flight was carrying a load equivalent to approximately 76 passengers and the flight was made according to normal B.O.A.C. rules. Another version of the airliner, the *Continental Comet 4B*,

which carries up to 100 passengers and is primarily intended for operation on routes from 300 to 1500 miles in length, has been ordered by B.E.A. Both the *Comet 4* and *4B* are powered by Rolls-Royce *Avon RA 29* engines, and are being produced following four years of intensive research which has been carried out since the ill-fated *Comet 1* was withdrawn from service in 1954. The maiden flight of the *Comet 1* took place in July 1949. The *Comet 4* is 111 ft. 6 in. in length and has a wing-span of 115 ft.

PRESENT
AND FUTURE:
CIVIL AIRCRAFT TO
BE SEEN AT
FARNBOROUGH
THIS YEAR.

AMONG the exhibits at Farnborough this year, the *Comet* 4, the *Viscount* 812, the *Dart Herald* and the *Britannia* will all give proof of Britain's success in developing airliners powered by gas-turbine engines, an achievement which is reviewed on another page in this section. These aircraft will have a place of great importance at the Air Show, while the vertical take-off aircraft, the *Rotodyne* and the *S.C.I.*—giving perhaps a glimpse of the future—have a number of unique and interesting features. Besides aircraft, the exhibition includes many of Britain's successful aero-engines, numerous models of aircraft and a wide range of other aeronautical exhibits. The *Comet* 4, of which a drawing appears on

(Continued below.)



NEWCOMER TO FARNBOROUGH: THE WESTLAND WESTMINSTER UTILITY, A "FLYING CRANE." THERE IS ALSO A TRANSPORT VERSION, FOR 46 PASSENGERS.



THE BRISTOL SYCAMORE, WHICH OF ONE, ARE

HAS BEEN FLYING SINCE 1949. A SYCAMORE, AND A MODEL SCHEDULED TO BE SHOWN AT FARNBOROUGH.



AN IMPRESSION OF THE VANGUARD, A NEW VICKERS AIRLINER, WHICH IS TO MAKE ITS FIRST FLIGHT THIS YEAR. POWERED BY TWIN PROPELERS, IT IS TO CARRY UP TO 137 PASSENGERS.



AN AIRCRAFT WHICH CAN BE USED IN A VARIETY OF ROLES: THE HUNTING PERCIVAL PRESIDENT. AMONG ITS DUTIES IT CAN SERVE AS A TWELVE-PASSENGER "FEEDER" AIRLINER OR A FREIGHTER.



THE VICKERS VISCOUNT 812, WHICH IS TO BE SEEN.

VISCOUNT IS POWERED BY ROLLS-ROYCE DART PROPELERS.



IN THE FLYING DISPLAY, THE HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL

VISCOUNT 812 IS SHOWN AS A STATIC EXHIBIT.



A BRISTOL BRITANNIA 314 OF CANADIAN PACIFIC AIR LINES. THE BRITANNIA, WITH RECENT SPEED RECORDS TO ITS CREDIT, IS SHOWN AS A STATIC EXHIBIT.



THE FAIREY ROTODYNE VERTICAL TAKE-OFF AIRCRAFT, WHICH, WITH THE VERTICAL TAKE-OFF S.C.I., WILL BE APPEARING AT FARNBOROUGH FOR THE FIRST TIME THIS YEAR.

Continued
pages 344 and 345, and which is to go into service on the transatlantic route in a few months, is to fly in the display, and the *Comet* 3B will demonstrate the application of reverse thrust on landing. (It is the first airliner in the world to be equipped with this device.) The *Britannia*, which has shown considerable saving of time on routes throughout the world, and in particular on Canadian

(Continued opposite.)



GIVING AN IDEA OF THE COMPLEXITY OF THE MODERN VANGUARD, SHOWING THE BEWILDERING MASS



AIRLINER PILOT'S TASK: THE COCKPIT OF THE NEW VICKERS OF DIALS, SWITCHES AND CONTROL LEVERS.



A NEW PROPEL AIRCRAFT MAKING ITS DEBUT AT FARNBOROUGH THIS SEASON: THE HANDLEY PAGE

DART HERALD BRANCHLINER, WHICH IS DESIGNED FOR SHORT- AND MEDIUM-LENGTH ROUTES.

Continued
Pacific flights "over the Pole," is on show as a static exhibit. Among the models there is one of the propjet *Vanguard*, which is shortly to make its first flight and is a product of Vickers-Armstrongs, the makers of the highly successful *Viscount*. The new short- and medium-range *Dart Herald*, another propjet airliner, will be seen in the flying display.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

A WEEK ago, looking through the window across the lawn, my attention was drawn to something unusual happening near the base of a shrub. The sun was catching the wings of small insects, making them obvious to the eye at a distance. It was, however, the behaviour of these insects which riveted my attention. One at a time, they were launched vertically into the air, in rapid and regular succession, as if being fired from a gun. Close inspection of the spot showed that ants were swarming. Over a small patch on the ground, about 6 ins. across, there was a dense milling crowd of winged queens, winged males and wingless workers. And in regular succession first one queen, then another, was flying up, almost vertically, on the nuptial flight.

There is nothing remarkable in seeing ants swarm for the nuptial flight, but there are two reasons why this event should lead to further comment. The first concerns the pattern of the ants' movements. I have often watched these swarmings, but on all previous occasions, so far as I can recall, the ants were more spread out, and the manner in which the queens took to the air was less regular and the queens themselves were dispersed over a wider area.

The second reason for comment has to do with the weather. I have paid particular attention to the swarming of ants in this country during the last ten years. According to A. D. Imms, and his words seem to reflect majority opinion: "On a suitable day, most often in July and August, the male and female ants leave the nest on their nuptial flight." His further words suggest that the meaning of his word "suitable" cannot be readily defined except to say that "moisture and warmth [are] perhaps two of the factors concerned."

We are told that the males and the queens are physiologically ready for the flight some time before it actually takes place, and that they try to leave the "nest" but are prevented from doing so by the workers, until the "suitable day" has arrived. If my reading is not hopelessly out-of-date, the worker ant is more capable of recognising this ideal moment than its human students.

After having taken note, over a period of several years, of the days, and the weather, when there were conspicuous swarmings of ants, I began confidently to predict them. For several years now, I have been saying, on particular mornings: "Ants will swarm to-day." On each occasion, surely enough, the ants have swarmed, and I have been able, at the end of the day, to feel a glow of pride, basking in an I-told-you-so attitude. My method of forecasting was unscientific, rather like that of the worker ants themselves, it was based on an intuitive "feel" of the weather. This year I have seen three days of swarmings. All were on a small scale, the patterns of the swarmings were different to those I can remember, and all were on days which I had not recognised as suitable, although the species of ant involved was the same. Instead of the warm sultry day, with full sunshine, I had grown to associate with the swarmings, these three days were merely warm and overcast. The one day this year on which I predicted a swarming nothing happened, at least in my locality.

Having suffered the humiliation of defeat, I felt it was time to look more closely into the writings of the experts on ants. I found they largely content themselves with the kind of generalities I have quoted from Imms. But there

SWARMS OF FLYING ANTS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

is some conflict between the statements made. For example, Imms says the swarmings occur most often in July and August, which is my own experience. On the other hand, Wragge Morley writes: "Ant marriage flights take place in Britain from spring to autumn. Each species will usually tend to have its marriage flight early in the summer (*i.e.*, in the spring) or late in the

impression is also given that the workers are made aware of the suitable conditions in which the flight should take place, and restrain the queens and the males until the correct moment has arrived, and that there is something remarkable in this.

Admittedly, the weather in Britain this year has been trying. We have had fine days, but they have come upon us almost unexpectedly and the fine weather has ended suddenly in showers or storms. At all events, those responsible for getting in the harvests have suffered badly from the weather's fickleness. It could be, therefore, that the worker ants have been as badly put to it to choose the right moment and have had to snatch such opportunities as they can and have not always been successful. If, in making this suggestion, I appear to be crediting the worker ants with a skill or knowledge beyond their real capacity, then I am doing no more than most other writers on the subject, who tend to give the impression that these insects have an almost miraculous sensitivity to meteorological conditions.

Whatever causes the swarmings often affects colonies of the same species over a large area at the same time. On August 8, 1915, Donisthorpe has recorded that swarms of the black garden ant and another species were observed over the greater part of England, simultaneously. On such occasions, the situation is like that described long ago by Kirby and Spence: "Sometimes the

swarms of a whole district unite their infinite myriads, and, seen at a distance, produce an effect resembling the flashing of an aurora-borealis."

In 1814, Captain Haverfield, R.N., reported that in the Medway something black was seen floating down with the tide. It was a column of ants five or six miles long, eight to ten feet across and six inches deep, "resting one upon another." The swarms had come down on the water in a mass suicide. Bartholomew, in 1613, recorded that on the Essex shore "there were such clouds of these flying pismires [*i.e.*, ants], that we could nowhere fly from them, but they filled our clothes; yea, the floors of some houses where they fell were in a manner covered with a black carpet of creeping ants: which they say drown themselves about that time of the year in the sea."

Modern experiences are no less spectacular even if described in more prosaic terms. When the swarms are large they tend to circle any tall structure, such as a church steeple; then they look like a cloud of smoke. Fire-engines have been called out, under the impression that the building was on fire, and steeplejacks have found their comfort seriously jeopardised. If there are not any tall buildings the ants may circle the head of a passer-by.

So ant swarmings may range from the small event with which I started this account to a widespread phenomenon involving churches, fire-engines and steeplejacks or mass-deaths in the river, with all gradations between. In other words, as Imms put it, certain conditions of moisture and warmth set the swarmings in motion, but these conditions are not rigid and the swarmings may be feeble and local to strong and widespread. When, therefore, I have pretended to forecast them I have been doing so for the days of maximum intensity only, and overlooking the many smaller occasions; which was not very clever. And I would suggest that the worker ants are not always as clever as we suppose and often allow the swarmings when conditions are less than favourable.



BEFORE TAKING OFF ON A NUPTIAL FLIGHT: A GROUP OF WINGED ANT QUEENS CLIMBING THE LEAVES OF A LOW-GROWING PLANT.



ON A DAY NOT VERY SUITABLE FOR THE FLIGHT: WINGED ANT QUEENS AND ATTENDANT WORKERS IN A SMALL SWARMING.

Photographs by Jane Burton.

summer (perhaps in the autumn), but there is no invariable rule about this." Other authors give "... on still, sultry days towards the end of summer," "... in August or September . . .", "... from the end of July to the beginning of September, and sometimes later . . .", and so on.

In most of these instances the authors quoted show either directly or by inference that they are speaking about the same species, the black garden ant. Coupled with these statements, the

THE PLATYPUS UNDER WATER: NEW AQUATIC STUDIES AT HEALESVILLE.



INVESTIGATING A PEBBLE IN THE HOPE THAT IT IS SOMETHING TO EAT: A PLATYPUS IN THE GLASS-SIDED TANK AT HEALESVILLE.



ESSENTIALLY AQUATIC BUT EQUALY AT HOME ON LAND: A PLATYPUS SWIMMING IN ITS TANK. UNDER WATER ITS EYES ARE CLOSED BY A WATERTIGHT SKIN FOLD.



A PLATYPUS USING ITS HIGHLY-SENSITISED DUCK-LIKE BILL TO AVOID OBSTACLES IN ITS PATH. IT CONSUMES ITS OWN WEIGHT OF FOOD EACH DAY.

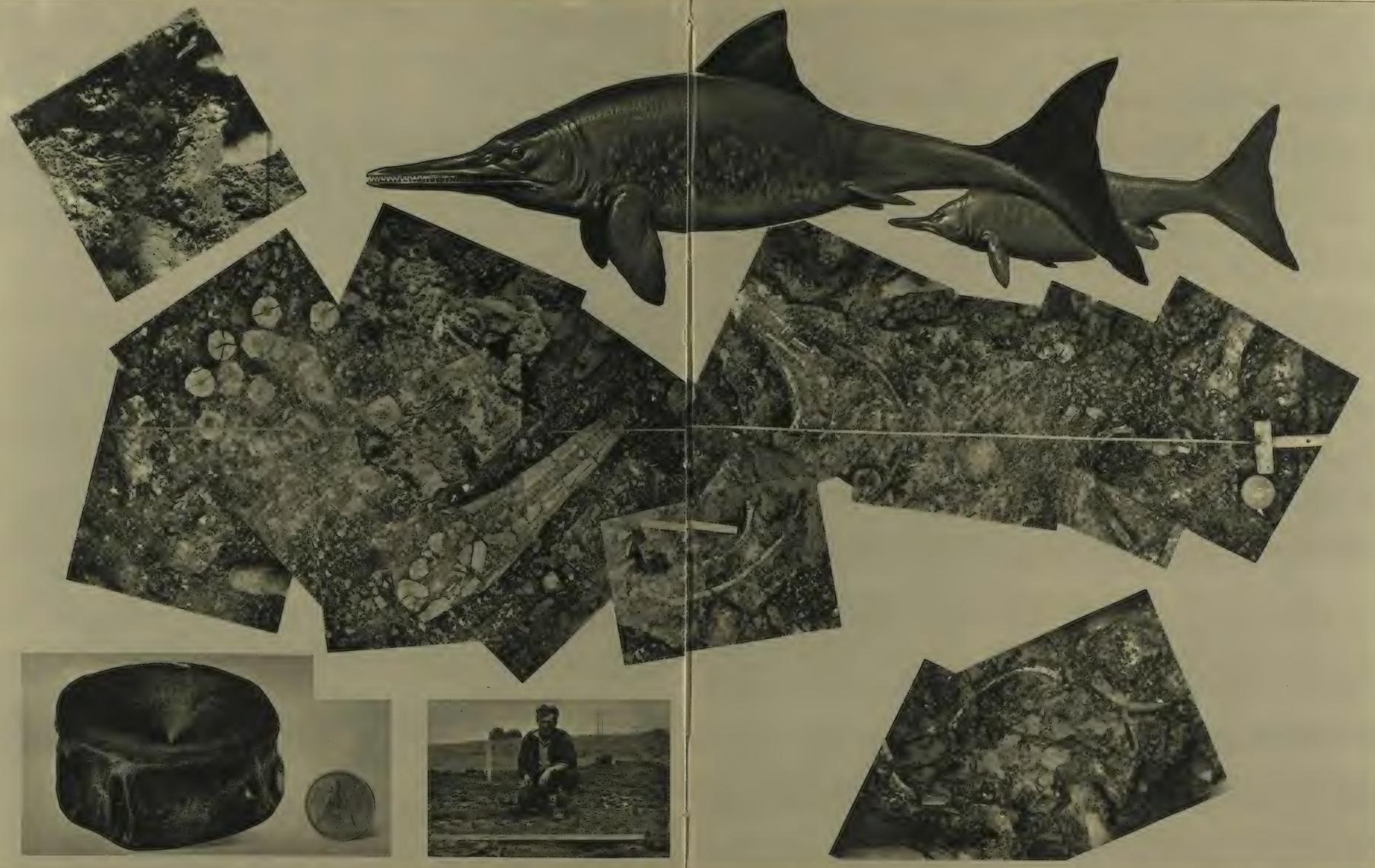


ONE OF THE MOST ARCHAIC MAMMALS ALIVE TO-DAY: THE PLATYPUS, WHICH HAS A RICH BROWN FUR WITH A CREAM-COLOURED UNDERBELLY.

THE platypus of Australia, one of the most archaic mammals alive to-day, was once hunted for its fur, but now, thanks to strict protection laws, it is multiplying along the creeks and rivers of eastern Australia. This strange creature, with its duck bill and webbed feet, which is equally at home on land or in the water, lays eggs and suckles its young. Mr. David Fleay first bred the platypus in captivity in 1945 and since then has succeeded in transporting them to a New York zoo. In 1955 a platypussary, the only one of its kind in the world, was opened at Healesville, fifty miles from Melbourne, Victoria. The photographs on this page show platypuses in their 20-ft.-long glass exhibition tank at Healesville, where they can be observed by spectators but, thanks to an ingenious system of lighting, are unaware that they are being watched. The first recorded discovery of the platypus, which is confined to the streams of eastern Australia, occurred in 1797. A skin was sent to England in 1799 and scientists who examined it had serious doubts as to its authenticity, and it was thought to be the clever fake of some expert Chinese taxidermist. So suspicious were they that somebody tried to prise the duck bill from the skin with a pair of scissors. However, expert anatomists found no deception. The marks of the scissors can still be seen on this skin, which is now in the collections of the British Museum (Natural History).



SEARCHING FOR FOOD. THE PLATYPUS HAS FIVE TOES ON EACH OF ITS BROADLY-WEBBED FEET. A FULLY-GROWN ANIMAL IS SOME 2 FT. LONG.



THE STOWBRIDGE ICHTHYOSAUR: PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE RECENT NORFOLK DISCOVERY

On the morning of July 25, men working with a tractor and scraper on the excavation of the Great Ouse Flood Relief Channel at Stowbridge, near King's Lynn, disturbed a group of bones. This was reported to the Engineer by the Pump Attendant, Mr. T. Burton (who is seen here in one of the lower photographs), and work in the area was halted. The report ultimately reached the Chief Engineer of the Great Ouse Board, Mr. G. E. Sedgwick, of the Sedgwick Museum in Cambridge, who enabled Dr. C. L. Forbes, assistant curator of the Museum, to inspect the bones. Having ascertained that these were, in fact, important fossil remains, Dr. Forbes was able to carry out a deliberate excavation and to remove the bones, which proved to be those of an ichthyosaur of

the Jurassic period, and which have since been presented to the Sedgwick Museum by the Great Ouse River Board. The composite photograph above shows the bones as they were found, lying scattered in a single bedding plane crowded with flattened ammonites and oysters. They lay in black plastic Kimmeridge clay, about 2 to 3 ft. below the top of the clay, which was below 12 ft. of Quaternary. The head, with its relatively well-preserved lower jaw which is 20 ins. long and contains 12 large teeth, is seen near the centre of the group of bones (above the photograph of Mr. Burton). Much of the posterior part of the skull is disarticulated and the eyes are not seen. Above, to the left, are some of the considerable number of vertebrae found,

The reconstruction drawing is by our

—AND A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING OF THIS 130-MILLION-YEAR-OLD MARINE REPTILE.

one of which is seen in the bottom left photograph, with a penny to give the scale. The long thin bones in the centre of the group are ribs. No part of the pelvic girdle was identified with certainty, and the only limb bone is a solitary terminal phalange, lying (but not clearly seen) near the two crossed ribs on the right of the group. Considerable damage must have been done to the carcass as it lay on the sea floor, and the bones later became extremely friable owing to the effects of the weathering and burial. In addition, the action of the scraper which uncovered them caused much damage. All the bones lay between 0 and 6 ins. below the scraped surface. In describing the significance of this find Dr. Forbes, who has supplied the photographs and

material used here, writes: "This is the second largest (perhaps 20 ft. long) ichthyosaur known to me from the Jurassic. Oxford Clay and Kimmeridge Clay ichthyosaurs are usually *Ophthalmosaurus*, a genus with teeth small or absent. Whereas the present specimen probably belongs to the genus *Ichthyosaurus* which is abundant and well preserved in the Lias, and is also known from the Lower Charente, Cambridge and elsewhere, and it is likely to provide an interesting link between earlier and later types." The reconstruction drawing at the top of these pages gives an idea of one of these 130,000,000-year-old reptiles. The ichthyosaurs were rapid swimmers, completely adapted to life in the open sea, and were not egg-laying but viviparous.

Special Artist, Neave Parker, F.R.S.A.



I HAVE been laid by the heels now for more than a week with the tree-tops of Hyde Park and a fine expanse of sky for company. A subdued hum may indicate traffic or a distant dynamo—I don't much care which at the moment, because I find that now, for the first time in my life, I am out of active circulation and the world merely passes by. I must, however, take this opportunity to express the hope that, in the midst of the rather sudden upheaval that brought me here, no letters which were awaiting an answer have been overlooked. I don't think they have, but, if so, I must ask the writers to exercise forbearance in what, for me, were decidedly exceptional circumstances.

Having heard of a wonderful gift of Worcester porcelain to the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, I am not here and now taking steps to assess its importance relative to collections elsewhere. With me, personally, a little Worcester goes quite a long way, but I am well aware that others have different ideas and much prefer the peculiar soapstone body of this ware to that of any of its rivals. For most people the Worcester factory is associated mainly with the Royal blue background and panels of birds, mostly red. While these are no doubt the pieces from which the factory gained its renown, there is a tremendous variety of other patterns



FIG. 2. "THE GARDENER'S COMPANION": ONE OF THE SEVEN WORCESTER FIGURES INCLUDED IN THE MARSHALL GIFT TO THE ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM, ABOUT WHICH FRANK DAVIS WRITES THIS WEEK. THE GIFT ALSO INCLUDES COLLECTIONS OF GLASS AND WINE LABELS. (Height, 6½ ins.)

derived from every possible source. This gift includes as well as more than a thousand pieces of Worcester, some English glass of the mid-seventeenth century to the early nineteenth century, and a collection of some 500 decanter-labels or bottle-tickets of various materials. The donors, through the National Art-Collections Fund, are Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Marshall; the gift is made in memory of their only child, William Somerville Marshall, Winchester College, and Trinity College, Oxford, who was killed

in action in Holland while serving with the Scots Guards.

The Worcester porcelain collection was begun in the early 1720's and now includes pieces from the very beginning of the factory—that is, in Bristol in 1748—to the close of what is generally accepted as the first period of Worcester itself, 1751 to 1783 (generally known as the Dr. Wall period). It is a wonderfully comprehensive collection within these limits, and would seem to



FIG. 1. IN MR. AND MRS. H. R. MARSHALL'S GIFT OF WORCESTER PORCELAIN TO THE ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM: A BLUE GROUND CROCUS BOWL, DECORATED WITH BIRDS AND INSECTS IN RESERVE. (Width, 8½ ins.)

illustrate the whole range of shapes and patterns used for domestic wares and the variety of their colourful decoration. In addition there is an example of seven of the eight figures which up to now can be attributed with confidence to the factory—the pair of Turks, the Gardener and his Companion, all four accepted as indubitably Worcester for many years; and, Mr. Marshall's own discoveries, the Sportsman and Companion, and a white figure of the well-known Chelsea model, "La Nourrice."

Herewith (Fig. 2) "The Gardener's Companion," with her pink hat with green ribbon, and yellow dress with striped petticoat, mauve shoes with red bows. In her right hand she holds a bouquet, on her left wrist hangs a basket. People have often expressed surprise that Worcester experimented so little with figures, which, after all, were immensely fashionable, but the Worcester management appear to have been unusually shrewd in taking a line of its own. Anyway, it concentrated upon table wares and, as everyone knows, is still in full production, whereas Chelsea and many other eighteenth-century factories collapsed after a few years.

There are examples of all the famous patterns, including the beautiful yellow scale, in this gift, and many examples from all the well-known hands, painters like O'Neale and Giles; and others whose names are unknown but are recognisable from their style. Obviously, it is extremely difficult to make a selection from as great an array, but I think that if we can agree that the Gardener's Companion is a highly distinguished figure, the two other photographs on this page do represent most agreeable essays in Rococo design. Perhaps not everyone is familiar with Crocus boats; in this case (Fig. 1) there is a large hole in the centre and eight smaller holes from which the crocuses can emerge in due season. The ground is that beautiful blue scale and there are four panels in reserve round the body, three of them decorated with most frankly absurd exotic birds, which were a favourite device of the factory; and the fourth panel is painted with insects. To my mind the sweetmeat stand of Fig. 3 is more original and considerably more engaging. It is in the form of four shells, three below and one on top. The three below are supported upon three

small pointed shells, the top shell stands on a green pillar encrusted with a carefully haphazard collection of coloured shells and corals. Each shell is edged above and below in puce, and is painted with a bouquet of flowers.

A special section is devoted to examples from China, Japan, Meissen, Sèvres, and some of the English pieces from which the Worcester modellers derived their inspiration. Another important section is that which contains about two-thirds of the sixty or seventy patterns of Armorial decoration that have been recorded. Among them are the Arms of Merton, where Dr. Wall took his degree of Bachelor of Medicine in 1736. Dr. Wall was long credited with the actual invention of the Worcester body, from a misreading of a term in the original deed of partnership, in which Dr. Wall and William Davis are said to "have invented and found out" the secret of porcelain manufacture. What must have been meant was merely that Wall and Davis had acquired a formula which worked; their formula was that of the Bristol China Works and the manufacture was transferred to Worcester. Of very special interest is a small tea service with tray to match, known as a cabaret, on a yellow ground—a unique piece in Worcester—as also are the four pairs of knife and fork handles, each decorated with a different pattern; and the figures of the Sportsman and his Companion already referred to.

As I am told that this gift of porcelain places Oxford on a level with London as far as the early years of the Worcester factory are concerned, the other part of the benefaction, which has been the particular concern of Mrs. Marshall, is liable to be overlooked. There are more than 300 drinking vessels as well as other utensils, the finest section of them about fifteen pieces from the last quarter of the seventeenth century, and the finest of these, one of those rare



FIG. 3. A SWEETMEAT STAND IN THE FORM OF FOUR SHELLS: ANOTHER OF THE WORCESTER PIECES FROM THE MARSHALL GIFT DISCUSSED BY FRANK DAVIS. THE COLLECTION OF WORCESTER IS NOW ON VIEW IN THE MARSHALL ROOM AT THE ASHMOLEAN. (Height, 5½ ins.)

decanter-jugs by George Ravenscroft. There is a very nice flask by Beilby, of Newcastle, painted with a figure of a sportsman in his characteristic opaque white enamel and among a few Jacobite glasses—one which bears a portrait of Prince Charles Edward in coloured enamels. But the range is very wide and covers pretty well every type of drinking glass until the time of George IV.

The little wine-labels to hang round the necks of decanters include silver and enamels and a few in French porcelain.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

A GIFT TO THE ASHMOLEAN.

in action in Holland while serving with the Scots Guards.

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SOME PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



A PROLIFIC FRENCH COMPOSER:
THE LATE M. FLORENT SCHMITT.
M. Florent Schmitt, the French composer, died on August 17, aged 88. A pupil of Massenet and Fauré in Paris, he won the Prix de Rome in 1900 with his lyric scene "Séminaire." His prolific output as a composer ranged from ballet to instrumental pieces, and included film music. The powerful piano quintet was probably his best-known work in this country.



THE HORNIMAN MUSEUM:
THE LATE DR. H. S. HARRISON.
Dr. Herbert Spencer Harrison, who died on July 31 aged 85, was Curator of the Horniman Museum, in Forest Hill, London, from 1904 until his retirement in 1937. He also rendered valuable services to the Royal Anthropological Institute, of which he became a fellow in 1904. He was hon. editor of its journal from 1916-26, and president from 1935-37.



JOURNALISM AND THE THEATRE:
THE LATE MR. SYDNEY CARROLL.
Mr. Sydney Carroll, who died on August 24 aged 81, was the founder of the Open-Air Theatre in Regent's Park. Born in Australia he came to England as a young man. During his long career he was, at various times, an actor, author, theatre manager, temporary Civil Servant, editor, publisher, and theatre and film critic. He was President of the Critics' Circle from 1931-32.



RETIRING: SIR WILFRED NEDEN,
CHIEF INDUSTRIAL COMMISSIONER.
Sir Wilfred Neden, who has been Chief Industrial Commissioner at the Ministry of Labour since 1954, retired on August 24, his 65th birthday. Educated at St. Olave's Grammar School, he served with the Army during World War I and entered the Ministry of Labour in 1922. He was Director of Organisations and Establishments from 1948-54.



PHYSICS AT SHEFFIELD:
THE LATE PROFESSOR S. R. MILNER.
Prof. Samuel Roslington Milner, who has died in Australia at the age of 82, was Emeritus Professor of Physics in the University of Sheffield. He joined the staff of the then University College, Sheffield, in 1900, became acting Professor of Physics in 1917, and Professor of Physics in 1921. He retired in 1940 and last year went to Australia to live with his son.



FIRST HOLDER OF THE ROBERT BEVERLEY EVANS SILVER TROPHY: MR. DONALD CAMPBELL.
On August 22 Mr. Donald Campbell became the first holder of a new international trophy, to be held hereafter by the holder of the world water speed record. The trophy, a silver reproduction of the U.N. building, was presented to him in London by the donor, Mr. Evans, of the Yachtmen's Association of America, an American manufacturer and a boating enthusiast.



WINNER OF A WORLD RIFLE-SHOOTING TITLE IN MOSCOW: DR. NIGEL OAKLEY, OF LONDON, DURING THE WORLD SHOOTING CHAMPIONSHIPS.
Dr. Nigel Oakley, who is 25, won the world title and gold medal in the small-bore rifle event over 50 metres from a prone position on August 18—the second day of the world shooting championships in Moscow. His score of 396 out of a possible 400 set up a new world record.



WINNER OF THE BRITISH BOYS' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP:
RICHARD BRADDON, AGED 17, OF CHARTERHOUSE.
Richard Braddon won the British Boys' Golf Championship when he beat I. M. Stungo, of Sudbury Golf Club, by 4 and 3 at Moortown, Leeds, on August 22. It was an outstanding final in the history of the event, and Braddon played excellent golf over a course water-logged following a cloudburst the night before. He is a member of the Beaconsfield Club.



ACTING PRIME MINISTER OF SOUTH AFRICA AFTER MR. STRYDOM'S DEATH: MR. CHARLES SWART.
Following the death of Mr. Strydom, which is reported on page 334, Mr. Charles Swart, Minister of Justice and Deputy Prime Minister, was to become Acting Prime Minister of South Africa until the new Prime Minister—who would also be the leader of the Nationalist Party—was elected at a party caucus in the near future.



AFTER TAKING THE OATH AT THE BEGINNING OF HIS SECOND TERM AS PARAGUAY'S PRESIDENT: GENERAL STROESSNER.
General Alfredo Stroessner, who is Head of the Army of Paraguay, is seen above reading a message to the National Chamber of Representatives after taking the oath in Asuncion at the beginning of his second term of office on August 15. He was elected President on July 11, 1954, and was re-elected a Presidential candidate early this year.



FORMER MAYOR OF WESTMINSTER:
THE LATE SIR SAMUEL GLUCKSTEIN.

Sir Samuel Gluckstein, who died on August 19, aged 77, was closely associated with the City of Westminster for more than fifty years. He was Mayor in 1920-21, and was made an Alderman in 1924. He was one of the only three men to have been granted the Freedom of Westminster—Sir Winston Churchill is now the only survivor.

FROM ENGLAND, SCOTLAND AND EIRE: A MISCELLANY OF NEWS EVENTS.



BEFORE THEIR BURIAL AT GALWAY: THE COFFINS CONTAINING THE REMAINS OF TWENTY-TWO UNIDENTIFIED VICTIMS OF THE DUTCH AIRLINER DISASTER.

The remains of twenty-two unidentified victims of the Dutch airliner disaster off the West Irish coast on August 14 were buried in a common grave in St. Mary's Cemetery, Galway, on August 19. The funeral service was attended by 500 people.



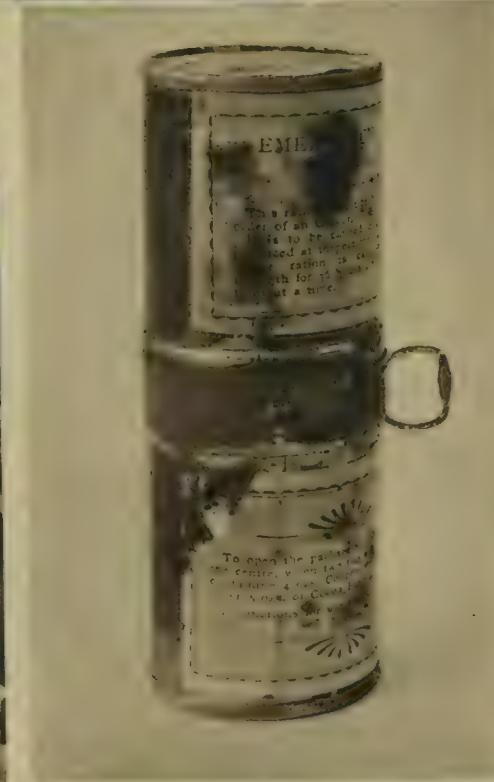
AFTER TORRENTIAL RAIN ON AUGUST 22: VILLAGERS OF STRATTON, CORNWALL, SWEEPING OUT THEIR SHOP.

When the River Strat, near Bude, overflowed its banks after heavy rainstorms on August 22 the Cornish village of Stratton was flooded for the second time in four days. Several days of rain and storms in many parts of the country caused widespread floods and disorganized rail, road and telephone communications.



OPENING VINTAGE TINS OF FOOD: A BACTERIOLOGIST, MR. H. L. SHIPP, WORKING THROUGH APERTURES IN A GLASS CASE.

Two tins of emergency rations, one issued to a soldier during the Boer War, the other to a soldier on the North-West Frontier in the Waziristan campaign in 1915, were opened on



DATING FROM THE BOER WAR: A TWO-COMPARTMENT TIN OF EMERGENCY RATIONS.

August 22 at the Leatherhead laboratories of the British Food Manufacturing Industries Research Association. The contents of both tins were found to be still edible.



BEING SAMPLED BY DR. F. H. BANFIELD: COCOA PASTE IN A TIN DATING FROM WORLD WAR I.



AFTER THE RE-NAMING OF THE ROAD LEADING TO THE ROYAL GARRISON CHURCH AT ALDERSHOT: FIELD MARSHAL LORD IRONSIDE UNVEILING A COMMEMORATIVE PLAQUE.

In a ceremony at Aldershot on August 24 the road leading to the Royal Garrison Church was re-named "Old Contemptibles Avenue." The ceremony was attended by a considerable number of surviving Old Contemptibles.



AT GAIRLOCHY, INVERNESS-SHIRE, ON AUGUST 18: THE PRINCE OF WALES (CENTRE) AND PRINCESS ANNE WITH THEIR CROMAGS, BEFORE EMBARKING WITH THEIR PARENTS ON THE ROYAL BARGE. On their way to Balmoral the Royal family paid a short visit to Gairlochy, where the two sons of Cameron of Lochiel presented miniature cromags (shepherds' walking sticks) to the Prince of Wales and Princess Anne.



AT ALDERSHOT DURING A PASSING-OUT PARADE OF RECRUTS IN THE PARACHUTE REGIMENT: GENERAL SIR RICHARD GALE (LEFT), WHO IS SOON TO GO TO S.H.A.P.E. General Sir Richard Gale, who is seen here at a Parachute Regiment passing-out parade at Aldershot, is to take up his appointment as Deputy Supreme Allied Commander, S.H.A.P.E., on Sept. 21. He succeeds Lord Montgomery.

THE LAUNCHING OF I.N.S. "KIRPAN"; AN UNUSUAL SERVICE; AND THE WINNER OF THE CHANNEL SWIM.



AFTER HER LAUNCHING AT A GLASGOW SHIPYARD ON AUGUST 19: THE INDIAN NAVY'S NEW ANTI-SUBMARINE FRIGATE I.N.S. KIRPAN SEEN ON THE CLYDE.

I.N.S. Kirpan, the second anti-submarine frigate of her type to be acquired by the Indian Navy, was launched on August 19 at a Glasgow shipyard. The ceremony was performed by Mrs. Beryl Srihari, whose husband is Air Adviser to the High Commissioner for India in the U.K.

Mrs. Srihari smashed a coconut on the ship's bows.



THE LAUNCH OF I.N.S. KIRPAN: MRS. BERYL SRIHARI JOINING HER HANDS IN SALUTE AFTER PLACING A GARLAND ON THE FRIGATE'S BOWS.



A SERVICE FOR HORSEMEN CONDUCTED ON HORSEBACK: THE RT. REV. G. SINKER, ASSISTANT BISHOP OF DERBY, READING THE LESSON.



AT THE BAKEWELL RIDING CLUB, IN DERBYSHIRE: THE RT. REV. G. SINKER (RIGHT) WITH SOME OF THE CONGREGATION, MANY OF WHOM WERE ON HORSEBACK, AT THE SERVICE ON AUGUST 17.

On Sunday, August 17, the Rt. Rev. George Sinker, Assistant Bishop of Derby, conducted a service for forty young horsemen and horsewomen at the Bakewell Riding Club, at Bakewell, Derbyshire. The Bishop rode a white mare called *White Lady*. There was a mounted procession through Bakewell before the unusual service which attracted a large congregation.



WINNER OF THE INTERNATIONAL CROSS-CHANNEL SWIMMING RACE FOR THE SECOND YEAR IN SUCCESSION: MISS GRETA ANDERSON COMING ASHORE AT SOUTH FORELAND, NEAR DOVER, ON AUGUST 24.

On August 24 Miss Greta Anderson, of the United States, who is Danish-born, won the international cross-Channel swimming race which is sponsored by Mr. Billy Butlin. She cut 1 hr. 41 mins. from the existing women's record. Her time of 11 hrs. 1 min. was only 11 minutes longer than the record set up by the Egyptian, Hassan Abdel Rehim, in 1950.



HOLDING THE SILVER CHALLENGE TROPHY: MISS GRETA ANDERSON (MRS. JOHN SONNICKSEN) AFTER HER RECORD CROSS-CHANNEL SWIM. ONLY FIVE OTHER SWIMMERS, ALL MEN, COMPLETED THE CROSSING.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

UNCONVENTIONAL ROOM PLANTS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

ROOM plants fall roughly into two classes—those which function for a short time, often for a few weeks only, and are then discarded, to be replaced by fresh victims; and those—and they are relatively rare—which become permanent family friends, living on from year to year, spending the greater part of their time in the house, with, perhaps, an annual holiday in the open air, or enjoying a respite from duty in the cold greenhouse.

Bulbs in bowls of fibre or in pans or pots of soil, with proper drainage, are the commonest and the most popular short-term room plants—hyacinths, tulips, narcissi and daffodils, crocuses, scillas and others, and they are an especial joy to those unfortunate folk who have no garden other than a window-sill, a table near the window, or, maybe, a window-box on the ledge outside.

Where pans, pots and bowls of bulbs are concerned, there is a refinement in their cultivation of which I was told many years ago by a friend who was a past-master in this particular branch of gardening. Having planted his bulbs, and got them well rooted in the dark, in the traditional manner, and at last brought them into full light on his window-sill and window table, he sowed the soil fibre with a fine type of grass seed, with the result that a few weeks later he had his bulbs flowering in swards of the finest young emerald turf, which is, of course, a far more attractive setting than bare earth or fibre. If the grass surrounding some of the bulbs, which developed more slowly than the others, grew rather longer and taller than he liked, he would give the sward a mild Eton crop with a pair of sharp scissors.

Although I have never experimented with it, I would suggest that a most satisfactory green sward might be produced among the bulbs by planting *Helxine soleirolii*. This most willing and good-natured dwarf carpeter is a popular cottage window plant, and it is a rapid grower, spreading over the soil like so much emerald paint. For use in carpeting bowls of bulbs, the best way would be to have a stock of the plant growing in shallow seed-boxes full of soil, which could be kept in some shady place in the garden, or under the staging in the cold house. If well watered, a few tufts of the plant would soon cover a seed-box, and then, at the appointed time, when the pans, pots and bowls are brought into the light, they could be planted with slabs or turves of the *Helxine* peeled from the seed-boxes. Pressed lightly to the soil, and well watered in, the bulbs should be standing in a perfect sward by the time they were flowering.

A permanent room plant which has given me immense satisfaction and pleasure during the last twenty years or more, is that giant tree, the American Redwood, *Sequoia sempervirens*. Although in nature one of the most gigantic trees in the world, the redwood lends itself to pot cultivation as a dwarf in a most exemplary manner, and it is far better adapted for this way of life than the majority of the dwarfed trees in pots which are imported from Japan—pines, azaleas, cherries, and maples, etc.

I started experimenting with redwoods more than thirty years ago, and very soon discovered how surprisingly well they stood up to indoor life. One of my first victims was a specimen,

nursery-grown, between 5 and 6 ft. tall, and with a trunk slightly thicker than a broom-handle at 3 or 4 ins. from the ground. I dug it up, and cut back the finger-thick roots mercilessly, to within 3 or 4 ins. of their source, and I felled the tree itself by sawing it through the trunk at about 6 ins. from the ground. I then potted the mutilated remains in a pan of nice, comforting soil, turf loam, peat, leaf mould and silver sand—leaf mould predominating. Placed in the shade under the staging in a cold greenhouse, and kept well watered, my redwood soon set to work making a mop of vigorous new roots, and at the same time pushing out green young growths

from all parts of the trunk. Within six months or so I had a hearty, prosperous mass of emerald leaf, and at the end of twelve months my redwood was ready for pruning and shaping. My plan was to convert what was now a dense, roundish bush of greenery, immensely vigorous, but without any special character or shape, into some semblance of an ancient tree, with a venerable trunk, and branches which grew out in layers rather in the manner of a veteran cedar of Lebanon. I cut away, right to their bases, an immense number of young branches, retaining only those which grew out in the directions that I required for my purpose. It was a major operation—in miniature—and when I had finished, the unfortunate redwood looked rather an odd sort of wreck. But by that time I had discovered the tree's astonishing capacity for responding to mutilation by most good-natured vigour and health.

In a year or two I got what I wanted, the semblance of an ancient tree in miniature, with a massive trunk supporting the irregular outlines of a windswept cedar-tree. It is only by looking closely among the green branches that the sawn-off main trunk is revealed.

The after-care of this redwood, and others since produced on the same lines, is absurdly simple. In mid- or late September I give it a trim-up,



THE GIANT YOU CAN DWARF: THE AMERICAN REDWOOD (*SEQUOIA SEMPERVIRENS*)—A 100-YEAR-OLD TREE AT THE BEDGEBOURY PINETUM, NEAR TUNBRIDGE WELLS. MR. ELLIOTT DESCRIBES THIS HUGE TREE AS LENDING ITSELF TO "POT CULTIVATION AS A DWARF IN A MOST EXEMPLARY MANNER."



THE BARK OF *SEQUOIA SEMPERVIRENS*: A PHOTOGRAPH WHICH GIVES SOME IDEA OF THE SIZE OF THE TRUNK OF THESE ENORMOUS TREES, AS WELL AS THE GREAT BEAUTY OF THEIR BARK.

Photographs by Donald F. Merrett.

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and shaping-by-pruning, and bring it into the house, where it lives on a black oriental cabinet in a living-room until March, by which time it shows signs of a longing for a cooler, moister atmosphere, and I am beginning to tire of the sight of it in the house. So I take it to the potting shed, and with a sharp dinner-knife slice off an inch-thick layer of roots which have accumulated at the bottom of its pot-ball. I replace the amputated layer of roots with leaf-mouldy soil, and then the little tree goes into its summer quarters under the staging in the cold house. All the attention it gets from then until September is copious watering. During that summer recess the tree usually shows ambitions for a free forest life, and pushes up a few erect shoots. I pander to this whim, and only remove these pathetic attempts, and any other unwanted growths, when the tree takes up residence for the winter on the black lacquer cabinet.



SHOWING THIRTEEN CENTURIES OF GROWTH: A CROSS-SECTION OF A MASSIVE SEQUOIA—ONE OF THE NOTABLE EXHIBITS IN THE RECENTLY OPENED HALL OF NORTH AMERICAN FORESTS IN THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, NEW YORK.

When it was felled in California in 1891 this massive sequoia was 331 ft. high, 90 ft. in circumference at the base, and was free of limbs for 200 ft. from the ground. This section is 16 ft. 5 ins. in diameter inside the bark, and, after years of seasoning, weighs 9 tons. It shows 1342 annual rings, proving that the tiny seed from which it grew germinated in 550 A.D. Each century that the tree lived through is marked off by the white figures on the section. This fabulous log is one of the exhibits in the recently opened Hall of North American

Forests, at the American Museum of Natural History, in New York. Ten years of planning and preparation have gone into the arrangement of this hall, which gives layman and expert alike a fascinating and realistic insight into the great forests of North America. There are two species of the sequoia genus of gigantic conifers: the Big Tree (this section is from one of these), and the Redwood, sometimes known as Wellingtonia. Both are indigenous to the west coast of North America. Trees over 3000 years old have been found.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

IN THE FOG.

By J. C. TREWIN.

TWO lines from Kipling's "The Wet Litany" have recurred to me again and again during recent weeks:

When the intolerable blast
Marks each blindfold minute passed.

I ought not to grumble about the foghorn. Its hoarse moan means much to ships upon a blinded sea. Having been bred within hearing of one particular voice, among the most powerful along our coasts, I really should not worry when it rasps away out there on the headland, long-short, long-short, unvaried in pitch and timing. There must always be a blessed moment when the fog-wreaths have melted, the outlines of cliff and rock stand sharply again in the conquering sun, and the foghorn subsides with a panting, trailing growl.

Even so, on holiday, when fog closes down and stays—and this summer has been the gloomiest I recall—the foghorn at night can be a dismal banshee, wailing through one's sleep, starting a chaos of dreams, and wearying with its deadly mechanical iteration. The only comfort is the knowledge that, when it stops, memory of it can flick away as quickly as the mist does. Like toothache, we do not remember how bad it is until we have experienced it for a second time.

I did feel it was an unkind cut when, on returning from holiday, the first sound—or one of them—I heard in a West End theatre was the note of the foghorn. Much lower than mine, and more frequent; but still a foghorn. The scene of the play was a room in a house in South Wales near the Bristol Channel. The action began on a night thickly blanketed with fog: just the night for a murderer to do his work and to get away: just the night, certainly, for a new puzzle by Agatha Christie. In "The Unexpected Guest," at the Duchess, somebody observes, "I was lying awake listening to the booming of the foghorn—very depressing I always find it, sir." Automatically I scribbled that on an otherwise virgin programme.

Let me say that I did not find the play very depressing. On the contrary. After her unfortunate experiment with "Verdict," Mrs. Christie is back safely on her own ground again. No one in this kind of piece can raise a fog more cunningly, though as a rule it is a fog designed to overcast the mind of watcher and listener. Now, once she has asked us to discover who shot the unpleasant man in the wheel-chair—he is dead at curtain-rise—we are kept wandering in circles until the end of the night. The fog outside has cleared, we gather, by the second scene; for us it laps round Richard Warwick's house until the last.

To write about play and fog is dangerous. One of the leading actors came forward at the end to plead with us not to disclose the solution. I doubt whether anyone will: this game has—or should have—its rules in the auditorium as well as upon the stage. Here I can say merely that though the dramatist has been less ingenious than she was in "Witness for the Prosecution"—this remark is becoming common form—her scheme is crafty enough: she foisted me as, on these occasions, one hopes to be foisted. Mrs. Christie enjoys the creation of a large establishment, a country house in which there is room for her plot to turn round. There is one at the Duchess; it is well peopled, especially by Violet Farebrother (mother of the dead man), Renée Asherson (wife), and Nigel Stock (visitor). Lesser

performances are apt; the police inspector, according to stage rule, wears a mackintosh; and at the beginning of the night the foghorn is in redoubtable spirits. That, on the whole, is that.



"HER SCHEME IS CRAFTY ENOUGH; SHE FOXED ME AS, ON THESE OCCASIONS, ONE HOPES TO BE FOXED": AGATHA CHRISTIE'S "THE UNEXPECTED GUEST" (DUCHESS), SHOWING A SCENE WITH (L. TO R.) MICHAEL STARKWEDDER (NIGEL STOCK); INSPECTOR THOMAS (MICHAEL GOLDEN); SERGEANT CADWALLADER (TENNIEL EVANS); MISS BENNETT (WINIFRED OUGHTON) AND MRS. WARWICK (VIOLET FAREBROTHER).



"MRS. CHRISTIE ENJOYS THE CREATION OF A LARGE ESTABLISHMENT . . . IN WHICH THERE IS ROOM FOR HER PLOT TO TURN ROUND": "THE UNEXPECTED GUEST," SHOWING A SCENE FROM AGATHA CHRISTIE'S NEW "WHO-DUNNIT," WHICH OPENED IN LONDON ON AUGUST 12.

A new "who-dunnit" by Agatha Christie opened at the Duchess Theatre on August 12. This scene from the play, set in a large country house, shows: (l. to r.) Jan Warwick (Christopher Sandford); Michael Starkwedd (Nigel Stock); Richard Warwick (Philip Newman—in chair); Mrs. Warwick (Violet Farebrother); Miss Bennett (Winifred Oughton) and Laura Warwick (Renée Asherson).

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"EDWARD THE SECOND" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—Christopher Marlowe's tragedy, staged by the Marlowe Society of Cambridge. (August 25.)

"THE ELDER STATESMAN" (Lyceum, Edinburgh).—T. S. Eliot's play opens the Edinburgh Festival, with Paul Rogers and Anna Massey. (August 25.)

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING" (Stratford-upon-Avon).—Googie Withers as Beatrice and Michael Redgrave as Benedick in Douglas Seale's production. (August 26.)

"BROUHAHA" (Aldwych).—A comedy by George Tabori, directed by Peter Hall, with Peter Sellers as a Sultan. (August 27.)

"MAJOR BARBARA" (Royal Court).—Joan Plowright and Alan Webb in a revival of Shaw's play. (August 28.)

The thing that troubled me during the night had nothing to do with the play. Michael Weight's setting included some bookcases, but I had the impression—perhaps it was intended—that nobody in the house had picked a book from these shelves within recorded memory. Stagelibraries often depress me; this did. Personally, I think it might be friendlier to furnish one of the cases with a complete set of the works of Mrs. Christie.

We were talking about the weather, something that in this moody summer continues to be inevitable. I was on the same subject a month ago, though there was no mention then of fog: the foghorn had not shattered my sleep, and "The Unexpected Guest" had not arrived. But now I have been brooding about fog in the theatre. "Suspect," in its Cornish setting, had a fog that, when I met the play last, was a desperate affair of swirling smoke. Many will think, too, of Matt Denant's escape from the Dartmoor Prison potato-field in Galsworthy's play: "It's real thick now . . . I'm going over that wall in the corner, and then along under his nose on the near side. Ten to one he'll be looking out on the offside in this fog. If that chap there doesn't spot me, I'll get by." He did get by. A good scene, this, followed by one for the fogbound warders. As a rule, dramatists who ask for visible fog are asking for trouble; but the Aldwych, at its meridian, did manage a London pea-souper most successfully (with the aid of gauze and lighting) in Ben Travers's enchanting nonsense, "A Night Like This," early in 1930.

As soon as I had begun to think seriously of stage fogs, they swirled round me, layer upon layer, from O'Neill's "Anna Christie" to the Kentish mist in "Arden of Faversham," prize of the Shakespeare Apocrypha:

SHAKEBAG: Oh, Will, where art thou?

WILL: Here, almost in Hell's mouth, where I cannot see my way for smoke.

SHAKEBAG: I pray thee speak still that we may meet by the sound, for I shall fall into some ditch or other, unless my feet see better than my eyes.

Shakespeare prefers, as a rule, to use fog figuratively, but at the end of the third act of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Oberon gives his order to Puck: "Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night: The starry welkin cover thou anon With drooping fog as black as Acheron." And in "Macbeth" the Witches should "hover through the fog and filthy air," though it is not often that a director bothers about this.

I can do without fog on the stage. It is (I write with feeling) the most depressing of weathers, and we can be glad that at the Duchess it is suggested and not represented. The moaning of the foghorn does all that we need. As I listened to it, I cowered in my seat, remembering how, in a distant past, the sudden boom could appear to shake the cliff beneath my feet if I were foolish enough to go out

upon the path in thick weather.

Once more I call upon Kipling. There is no fog for me to match that at the beginning of the story called "The Disturber of Traffic." The white walls of the lighthouse of St. Cecilia-under-the-Cliff ran down into "swirling, smoking space. The noise of the tide coming in very lazily over the rocks was choked down to a thick drawl." There, too, the foghorn speaks: "When the sea-mist veils all, St. Cecilia turns a hooded head to the sea and sings a song of two words once every minute."



REHEARSING FOR ONE OF THEIR FOUR PRODUCTIONS AT THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL : THE STUTTGART STATE OPERA IN A SCENE FROM WEBER'S "EURYANTHE."



ON THE ESPANADE OF EDINBURGH CASTLE—WITH THE FLOODLIT CASTLE IN THE BACKGROUND: THE BOY DRUMMERS AND TRUMPETERS OF THE JUNIOR LEADERS, ROYAL ARTILLERY, AT THE OPENING PERFORMANCE OF THE MILITARY TATTOO ON AUGUST 23.

THE TWELFTH EDINBURGH FESTIVAL : OPERA, AND THE TATTOO, AT THE START OF AN INTERNATIONAL PROGRAMME.

The twelfth Edinburgh International Festival opened on August 24 with a service in St. Giles' Cathedral, at which the preacher was the Lutheran Bishop of Hanover, Dr. Lilje. In the evening there was a Beethoven concert in the Usher Hall, given by the Philharmonia Orchestra, conducted by Dr. Otto Klemperer. Five different orchestras, including the Royal Danish and the Vienna Symphony, have concerts during the three-week Festival. The Stuttgart State Opera is at Edinburgh with four productions, among them "Tristan

and Isolde," produced by Wieland Wagner, and "Euryanthe" produced by Georg Hartmann. The Ballets Premières are appearing throughout the Festival, and the Spanish Opera-Ballet are to give three performances in the final week. Among the drama productions is T. S. Eliot's new play, "The Elder Statesman," the world première of which was given on August 25. The New Watergate Theatre Club is to present the first performance in Great Britain of Eugene O'Neill's "Long Day's Journey Into Night" on September 8.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

NOVELS are quite commonly too long, and sometimes longer than one can quite account for; but that a really enormous novel should keep one faintly bewildered at its length and yet never cloy is something extraordinary. "The Visitors," by Mary McMinnies (Collins; 18s.), achieves this feat. So it has to be a remarkable work, whatever else. And perhaps the remarkable thing about it, as well as its chief resource for going on and on, is the balance between individual character and local colour. We get a foretaste of this quality in the theme, since the heroine is introduced as a lightweight, luckier Madame Bovary (rather surprisingly, an addict of *Madame Bovary*), while the scene is Poland. Slavonia they call it here.

Larry Purdoe is taking over a British Mission in Grusnov: which is not the capital, but a very old city, famous for its culture (as culture went in Slavonia), and strongly conservative (as conservatism goes now). It contains a huddle of ci-devants, predatory or pathetic, and an army of secret agents. Everything is a mystery; everything is known, seen and disclosed, by the chauffeur, or the hotel porter, or the devoted handmaid, or the willowy young patrician, or the whole bunch—though not from zeal. Westerners get special treatment, of course; so that when Larry and Milly, with their two children and the bodefully named Miss Raven, move into Suite Nine of the Grand Hotel, it may be said to yawn for them. This is their first station behind the Curtain. They don't know much—not even why the Simpsons "left"—and no one explains. Larry, however, being shrewd, incorruptible and likable, would make out. But Milly is a sitting duck: so blinded by her own image, her own pretensions, her craving for an undefined something, that she can't be told. A warning word from the veteran correspondent Abe Schulman strikes her as a "gambit"—since he has great charm, and she had her eye on him. Whereas she is wide open to aristocratic harpies and the waif Gisela. And for such small perquisites: a new evening dress, a couple of knicknacks, and the excitement of contrivance. Milly's grabbing is not long-term; she covets like a child, and conspires against Larry like a child. And that might be venial—but her dealings with Sophie Bielska, no. Poor Sophie worships England on trust, rather ludicrously to be sure, and Milly rolls over her like a juggernaut. . . .

Sophie's abnegation and pathos are laid on with a trowel; everything is, here. Everything is exhaustive: yet so lively, and so solid and authoritative clear through, from the horizon to the inner man. Sex, class and nationality seem to make no difference. And they all have voices.

OTHER FICTION.

"The Greengage Summer," by Rumer Godden (Macmillan; 18s. 6d.), shows up in comparison as a gracile and rather artificial little work; though charming, as we expect. It is about a children's holiday in the French champagne country. There are five of the little Greys. They have barely reached Les Oeilletts when their mother collapses. She is taken to hospital; and if it were not for Eliot, the gaggle of children would be thrown out. But he is so kind—and seemingly all-powerful with Mademoiselle Zizi, who seems to own the place. So here they are by themselves, in an incredibly rich, mellow, historic fairyland. Yet there is another side to these dream days. The rescuer has two faces, one cold and strange; and the sheltered children are seeing life. Life as expressed in the Zizi-Eliot relation and interpreted by the bootboy. But one has no great faith in the melodrama. Whereas the idyll is enchantingly real, though rather drawn out.

"Three Men and a Girl," by Warren Chetham-Strode (Heinemann; 18s.), takes us a step further; it is almost for children, and the characters in the title are Siamese. Cats, I mean. Charles and Mary Warren have started off with a couple of mature gentlemen, Ting and Thai. Charles, visiting the Cat Show, returns with two kittens instead of one: ladylike little Tania, and tough Tootoo from the East End. The four cats shake down together, talk freely (though not with Charles) and promise to multiply alarmingly. A terse, gay story, which should amuse even non-idolators.

"Violent City," by John and Ward Hawkins (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 12s. 6d.), begins with the shooting of Westbury's chief of police: which is a sign of the time. Overnight, the sleepy little old town has been boosted into a "cow-country Gomorrah" by the new airfield; many of the town fathers are overjoyed, and the police can't cope. The victim's son is now a detective-sergeant in Seattle. He comes home for the funeral and demands the job—not for good, but so as to avenge his father by a "complete scouring." And he gets appointed: chiefly through the support of George Kell, a rising lawyer. Kell's idea being to frame the Vice King for a sensational murder—which he will commit himself by proxy—and then take over with the help of a "syndicate." Ed Morgan he regards as "only half bright," and the perfect gull. . . . Neat, romantic, and sometimes brutal.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

WHEN Dr. Fazekas won the British Championship last year, it was, as I commented at the time, the most fantastic "turn-up for the books" in the history of the competition. He would have been ranked, on a popular poll, about tenth or twelfth best of those competing. Yet he beat them all!

The sequel has been as unhappy in the world of chess as the Wardle incident in cricket.

When the selectors came to choose the British team for the international team tournament at Munich in October, they had to face up to the fact that the reigning British champion, who would normally lead the team, was inferior, on any rational assessment, to at least fifteen of his rivals.

Fazekas had underlined all this by finishing bottom of the only two Congress tournaments in which he had competed in the meantime, Hastings at Christmas and Ilford at Whitsuntide. Given first board in the annual match against Scotland, he won nicely, but, then, England won the match 6½-1½ and his opponent Aitken would not be seriously considered for a British team of six.

Taking a realistic view of his situation, Fazekas offered to accompany the team at his own expense and play in half a dozen matches only.

The committee declined this offer and omitted him from the team, selecting Alexander, Clarke, Wade and Penrose—who all finished below him in the last British Championship!—and Golombek, who did not compete.

Fazekas has just won the Essex championship for the ninth time—a record (the standard is far below that of international events). The Essex Chess Association protested to the British Chess Federation against his rejection, but in vain.

Since then he has returned his trophy to the Federation, stating that, from an object of pride, it has become a symbol of humiliation. He considered withdrawing from this year's championship, which will be nearly over by the time you read these lines; but he finally, rather sportingly, I think, decided to compete. If he manages to finish ahead of Clarke, Wade and Penrose again—or even one of them (which is almost equally unlikely), the situation will be piquant in the extreme.

I was rather inclined to agree with the Federation's decision. His inclusion would undoubtedly have slightly weakened the team and even a partial failure in one or two matches can drop a team several places in the final table.

Popular feeling seems all against it, however. The general opinion seems to be that the Federation has dealt a blow to the prestige of its own championship. "Fazekas," people are saying, "is certainly not out of international class altogether. This may be the last chance of appearing in the international arena for this sixty-year-old veteran. The team is unlikely to finish higher than eighth or ninth, anyway. A few places in the final list (of nearly forty countries) would be a cheap price to pay to preserve the prestige of the title."

Only the very young seem almost unanimous that the strongest team must go, whoever falls by the wayside.

Fate certainly dealt the selection committee a nasty hand!

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

VIRGINIA WOOLF; SLUMS; THE ATOM BOMB, AND ALPINE HIGHWAYS.

IT is now as unfashionable to write essays as it is to wear real jewellery, and that, I believe, for much the same reason: our intellects are rapidly becoming as empty as our pockets. We should be grateful, therefore, for the publication of another group of Virginia Woolf's essays, "Granite and Rainbow" (Hogarth Press; 18s.). These consist for the most part of reviews and other critical writings which appeared anonymously, or to which there were no references among her posthumous papers. One long essay, entitled "Phases of Fiction," was first published in *The Bookman*. She describes it herself as "an attempt to show the mind at work upon a shelf full of novels and to watch it as it chooses and rejects, making itself a dwelling-place in accordance with its appetites." In fact, it is a brilliant, compendious study of fiction and of novelists, whom she divides into the Truth-Tellers, the Romantics, the Character-Mongers and Comedians, the Psychologists, the Satirists and Fantastics, and the Poets. A whole book, let alone a whole column, could be written about this one essay.

How exquisitely polished is Virginia Woolf's prose! It would be tempting, but quite false, to compare it with gems—false, because gems, for all their brilliant beauty, are hard and lifeless, whereas the best prose always has the living quality of wine. How delicately, too, yet how completely she demolishes the pretentious and the absurd! In a short review of a book called "Materials and Methods of Fiction," by an American called Clayton Hamilton, she begins: "Sometimes at country fairs you may have seen a professor on a platform exhorting the peasants to come up and buy his wonder-working pills. . . . In America, evidently, Mr. Hamilton is considered a very good professor; we are not credulous ploughboys; and fiction is not a disease." And she ends thus: "No; Mr. Hamilton will never be admitted; he and his disciples must toil for ever in the desert sand, and the circle of illumination will, we fear, grow fainter and farther upon their horizon. It is curious to find, after writing the above sentence, how little one is ashamed of being, where literature is concerned, an unmitigated snob."

The second section of this book, "The Art of Biography," contains another short essay on the Royal Academy which I cannot resist quoting, for it shows Virginia Woolf at her best: "... The geese are English geese, and even the polar bears, though they have not that advantage, seem, such is the persuasion of the atmosphere, to be turning to carriage rugs as we look at them. It is indeed a very powerful atmosphere; so charged with manliness and womanliness, pathos and purity, sunsets and Union Jacks, that the shabbiest and the most suburban catch a reflection of the rosy glow. 'This is England! these are English!' one might exclaim if a foreigner were at hand. But one need not say that to one's compatriots." Who can write like that now? The loss of Virginia Woolf was irreparable to English letters, and we must thank Mr. Leonard Woolf for the assiduous care with which he has sought for, and found, these buried treasures.

We descend from the stars to the mud and grime of Poplar, with Eileen Baillie's "The Shabby Paradise" (Hutchinson; 18s.), but the stars are not far away. At any rate, this author never lost sight of them. She was the daughter of a High Anglican vicar, brought up in a vicarage planted foursquarely in the centre of a slum. As a girl, she was perfectly well aware of drunks, street fights, and all the noise and smell of poverty. She took these things for granted, as children do, without fuss. In an age when so many novels are being published about slum life—"stark" novels, which spare the reader nothing, using the background as an excuse for the hero's delinquency—it is pleasant to read the memoirs of someone who saw and knew all these things, can call them by their right names, but keep both her temper and her sense of balance.

There is a good deal of balance, too, about "Formula for Death," by Fernand Gigon, translated by Constantine Fitz Gibbon (Wingate; 18s.). This is all about the horrors of the atom-bomb. It describes, often through the mouths of eye-witnesses, what actually took place—and is still, one may say, taking place, for victims are still dying—at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and to the crew of the *Lucky Dragon*, involved in the explosion at Bikini. It is a horrifying story, and no incident more horrifying than that of the unfortunate refugee from Hiroshima who made his way, by accident, to Nagasaki, just in time to become involved in the second explosion. He survived, but I am more sorry than surprised to learn that he is not quite sane. This book is factual, and all the better for that. M. Gigon obviously feels strongly about the whole affair, but avoids the partisan, platform arguments of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament.

A final word of praise is certainly due to Hugh Merrick's "The Great Motor Highways of the Alps" (Hale; 30s.), which describes eighteen major passes across the Alps, with thirty subsidiary links. The illustrations are excellent. The information is full, and should be invaluable to all tourists who want to explore the Alpine roads.

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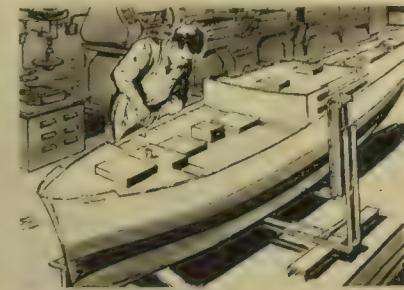


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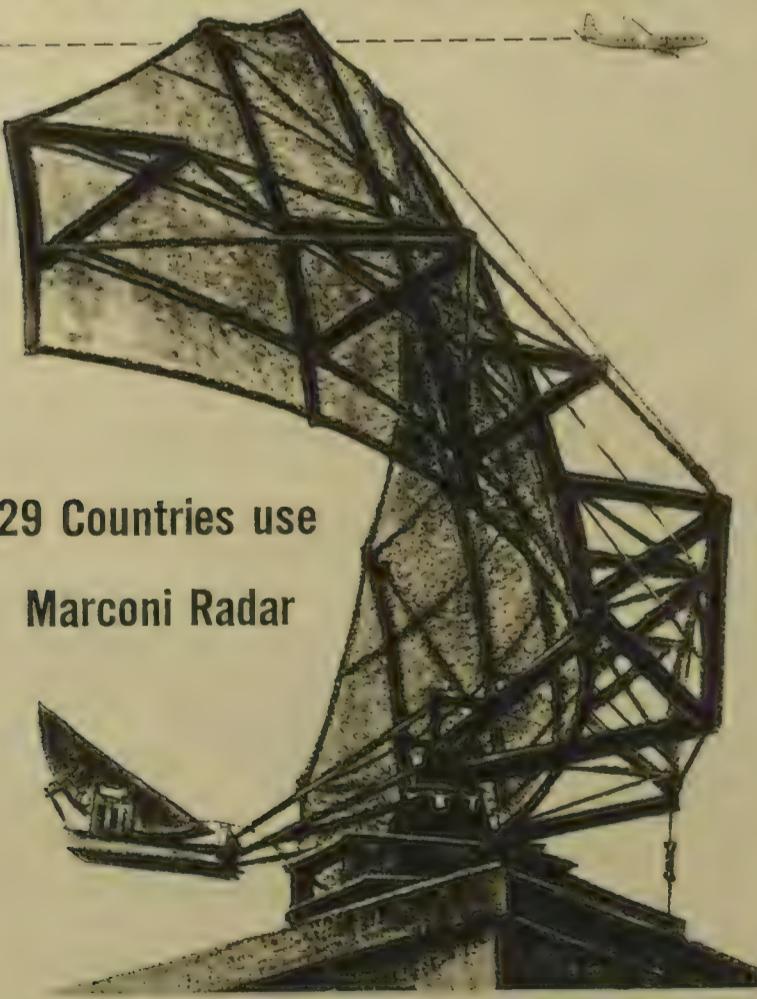
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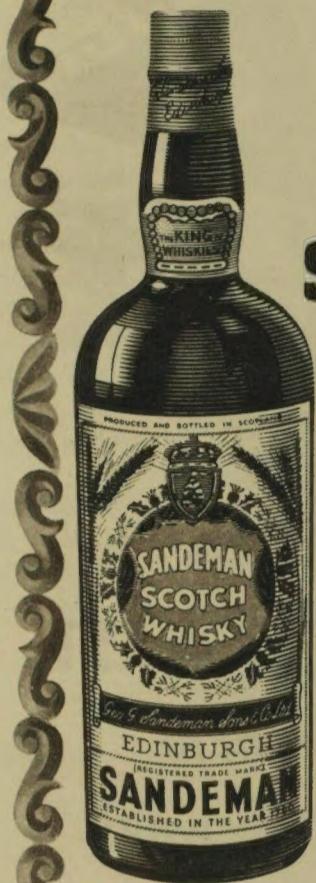
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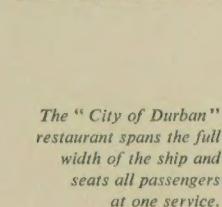
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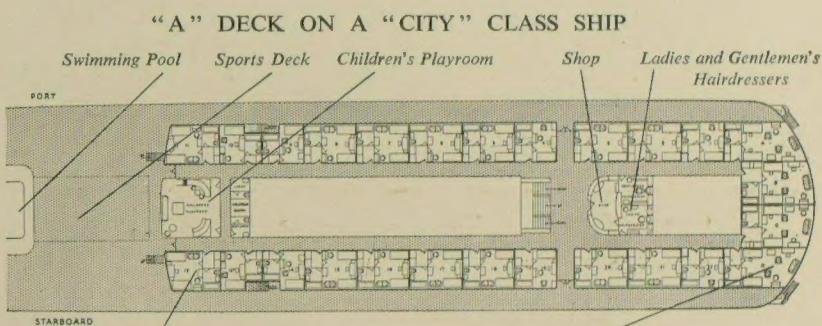
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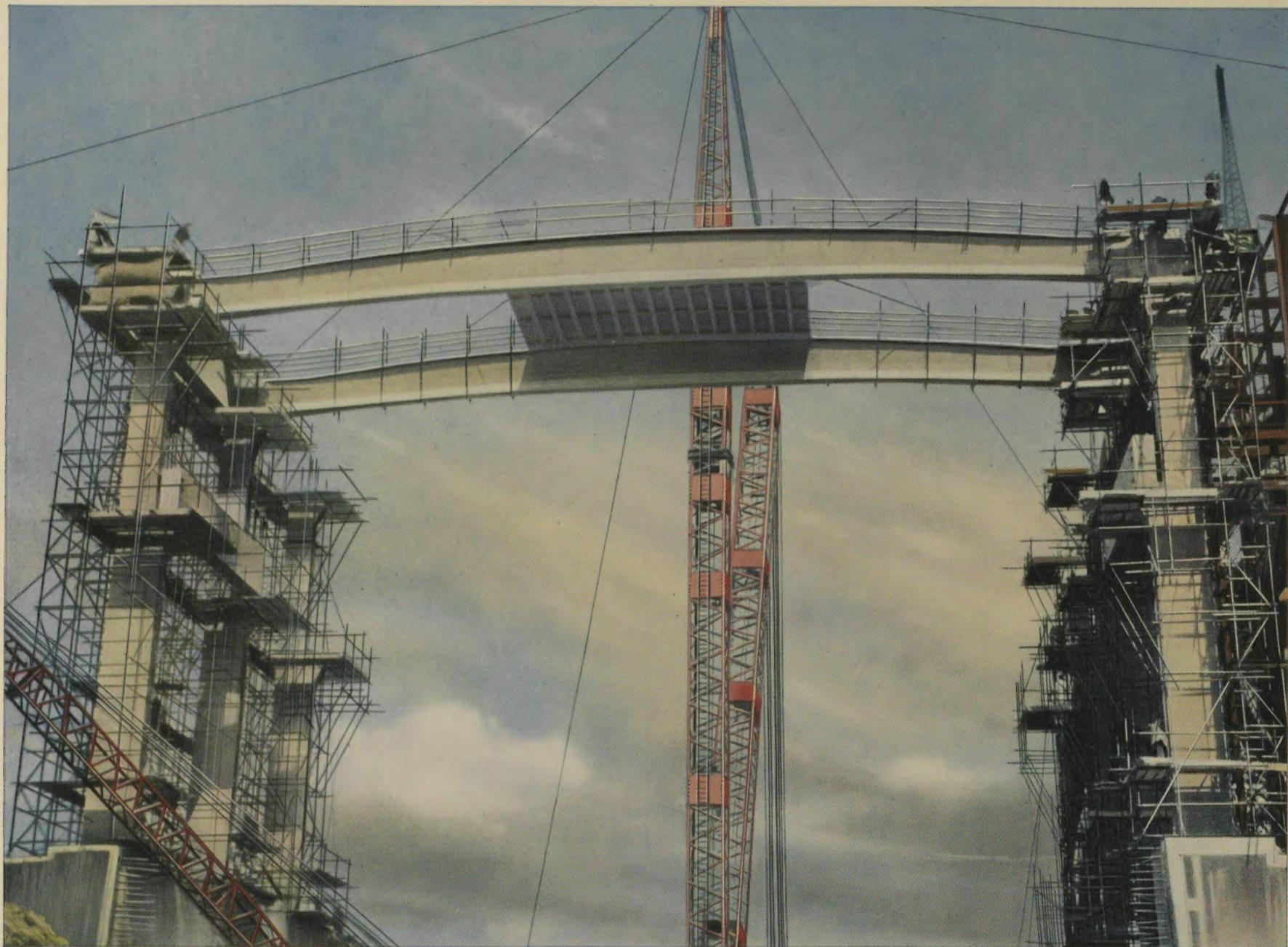
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